

# CATWOMAN

by

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## IN COMPLETE DARKNESS

A cat is heard moaning, at first gently, then unbearably.

## EXT. A SNOWY PATCH OF GOTHAM CITY--NIGHT

Coming out of the darkness, the viewer's viewpoint glides across a moonlit blanket of snow toward the cry of the wounded feline. A BLACK CAT is revealed twitching on its back amid the expanse of white. The viewer hangs over her only briefly before drifting forward...

Like mismatched carpet samples, the patch of glowing snow cuts neatly-absurdly at a patch of sunscorched desert.

## EXT. THE DESERT--DAY

Easing all the way into the daylit desert, one catches sight of a lizard and gloms onto the creature's frenetic path, moving faster and faster across the parched land. Until Zap. The Lizard kamikazes into a grand electrified barricade.

The viewer's viewpoint arcs over the fence, way, way, into the air to take in a spectacular view of the sparkling OASISBURG, a gorgeous urban island in a sea of dirt and sand. Major Emerald City vibe. As the viewer circles the city, day turns to night, lights blast on everywhere, and the voice of Selina Kyle insinuates onto the soundtrack.

## SELINA (V.O.)

I do not know how I came to live in  
Oasisburg. No one ever DOES. But then  
I have forgotten what "is" and more  
to the point, what ever WAS.

The viewer's viewpoint whooshes down into the city to squeamishly embrace its majestic tackiness. As frightening as it sounds, the city is a crazed amalgamation of LA-Vegas-Palm Springs-Disneyland. Garish billboards shriek simple messages like RELAX and BE HAPPY. People putter about not in cars, but in adorable golf-cart vehicles.

The viewer makes a dazzling plow down the painful neon of the city's MAIN STREET toward an awesome edifice at the end. A Casino-and-more to end all casinos-and-more. A colossal sign proclaims

it FRANK'S FUN PALACE.

SELINA (V.O.)

The most Hot and most Top tourist  
spot in the world--a place like all  
places only more SO. Was I, Selina  
Kyle, having fun with the fun of  
Oasisburg? The answer is NO.

The whooshing airborne tour of Oasisburg, Selina's narration, and  
whatever holy music is bellowing on the soundtrack all come to a  
dead halt outside a lit-up room in the middle of a bland office  
building.

INT. THE STARK ROOM OF BLANDNESS--NIGHT

Beneath a flickering fluorescent, A GROUP OF UNHAPPY WOMEN sit  
slumped in a circle of uncomfortable chairs. Not very  
spectacular. Heading the group in infinitely more upbeat dress  
and demeanor, as if on a first date, is an ultra-perky demon  
named DR. PENELOPE SNUGGLE.

PENELOPE

We did it. We've won. Over the last  
years, there have been super changes  
for women and we should be pleased  
as, dare I say it, punch. Hand to  
back--proceed to pat. There are  
limits though; and Barbara, if you  
try starting your own business,  
you'll probably fail. I say that in  
the nicest possible way. Who's next?

SAD WOMAN

Hi, I'm Mona. And I'm a victim.

THE GROUP

Hi, Mona.

SAD WOMAN

My husband tried putting styrofoam  
down the garbage disposal. I told him  
he shouldn't do that--he just started  
screaming at me...

PENELOPE

I have one word for you, Mona. "Sh-h-  
h." It's a better for a woman's soul  
to take pain, than to give it out.  
Now have we all finished my new  
book...

Penelope holds up a hardcover with a lame drawing of Catwoman--  
THE CATWOMAN COMPLEX by Dr. Penelope Snuggle.

PENELOPE

The Catwoman Complex of course refers  
to the fabled Catwoman--We all know  
the "tale," pardon the pun-- a couple  
years back, in where-else-but that  
gloomy heckhole Gotham City, a woman,  
all done up as a black cat, was  
supposedly sighted committing various  
acts of terrorism. Whether or not  
she actually ever existed, this  
"Catwoman" has much to teach us--  
that the pursuit of power turns women  
into monsters and very unhappy  
monsters at that. Women, stop trying  
to be Catwomen and start being women.  
Who's next?

A short, sweet pan is made from the Sad Woman to the completely  
bent-over woman beside her. She raises her head. It is the woman  
we know to be SELINA KYLE. And she has been through hell. With  
all her energy, she aches her voice into a barely audible,  
melancholy rasp.

SELINA

Hello, I'm Selina Kyle.

THE GROUP

Hi, Selina.

SELINA

And I'm a victim. I mean, that's what  
they tell me. I was brought into an  
emergency room in that aforementioned  
hellhole Gotham City-- scars,  
bruises, and bulletholes all over my  
body. Most interesting thing that's  
ever happened to me and I remember  
nothing. Nothing. My mother brought  
me back here to Oasisburg to "Relax"  
and "Be Happy," just like the  
billboards say. But it's hard, I...

Selina is rudely cut off by a melodic chime sonic-booming across  
the city. All the women except Selina do a giddy, Pavlovian leap  
from their chairs and race to the window.

(NO LONGER) SAD WOMAN

It's the call for the Cult of Good!

PENELOPE

Be still, my heart..

Through the ladies' POV, criminal activity is in progress down

below.

EXT. MAIN STREET TOWN SQUARE--NIGHT

AN ARMY OF MEN IN ZEBRA-STRIPED SHIRTS AND BLACK BERETS hustle out from the gaping smoking hole in the face of a bank. They race to a line of getaway golf carts. Their EYE-PATCHED LEADER shouts up at the melodic chiming.

EYE-PATCHED LEADER

Hurry men, those silly superheroes  
are coming...

One golf cart zips off down an alley while another rumbles away down Main Street. Suddenly, a VAST BUT SLEEK VAN plows forth knocking the latter golf cart out of frame like a toy.

Pouring out of every Casino, Hard Rock, amusement center, and putt-putt course on the block comes an overwhelming assortment of DELIRIOUS, "FUN"-WARDROBED TOURISTS AND CITIZENS. They encircle the crime scene as if it were an impromptu street carnival. They chant "Cult of Good, Cult of.." The crooks are too freaked to move.

INT. THE UNSPECTACULAR ROOM

The women's group is drawn into the excitement of the crowd below. A squeaky-voiced sweetheart named DIDI swings from the window to tug up her slumped-on-a-chair-friend Selina.

DIDI

Selina, you're missing all the  
heroics...Hurry!

SELINA

Do I have to?

EXT. TOWN SQUARE OF MAIN STREET

The back door of the van sesames open. A tollbooth-size behemoth is the first to emerge with a sunglass halo wrapped over his eyes around his hairless head. Like his forthcoming partners, he wears red boots, a red cape, and a chestplate with a Cult of Good insignia. He is MAMMOTH.

A YOUNG BOY WEARING A T-SHIRT WITH MAMMOTH'S IMAGE ON IT, raises his fists into the air.

THE YOUNG BOY

Mammoth!

Next out of the van in the cape-boots-chestplate ensemble is SPOOKY. Lithe and limber and Asian, Spooky wears a red hood around the head with enough of the face exposed to give off a

definite whiff of androgyny. The crowd makes an "OOO" noise. A TV REPORTER cuts in.

TV REPORTER

As you all know, the crowd's not booing, they're just shouting the name of the next Cult of Good crimefighter, "Spooky."

Preening out of the van next, with perfect blonde hair and a silk eye mask barely impinging his beautiful face, is ADONIS. He has an adorably boyish jet pack on his back. The women in the crowd openly lose it, exploding into tearful, sweat-stroked Beatlemania wails.

ADONIS

Sometimes I think they love me as much as I do...

INT. THE UNSPECTACULAR ROOM--NIGHT

The Women at the window follow suit.

(NO LONGER) SAD WOMAN

Oh, Adonis, it's Adonis, my favorite..my Adonis..

PENELOPE

So perfect, so beautiful..so, did I say perfect?

Selina wearys up an eye-roll at her drooling group-mates.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE OF THE MAIN STREET

Next out of the van, like a rock star taking the stage, with a very prickly head of hair, strange goggles, and a ratty leather jacket-beneath-cape, is the raucously cocky CACTUS. Cactus has only one good arm--his other arm is a piece of machinery resembling a small cannon.

CACTUS

You folks want to see a little morality tonight! Yeah! I can't hear you!

The crowd goes crazier. A pack of WORSHIPFUL, WOULD-BE PUNKS in imitation jackets and goggles high-five each other.

WOULD-BE PUNK

Yes! Cactus is raw!

The crowd settles into complete silence. The army of Robbers are more paralyzed than ever by baffled fear.

INT. FRANK'S FUN PALACE

Casino customers stop playing and drift to a big-screen T.V.

INT. THE UNSPECTACULAR ROOM--NIGHT

The women lean their foreheads to the window. Even Selina is intrigued.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE OF MAIN STREET

TV REPORTER

I don't need to introduce the last  
man out of the van, the leader of the  
Cult of Good, our own personal savior--  
Captain God.

In semi-slow motion, in an overpowering, all-encompassing yet elegant and uncumbersome Helmet comes the charismatic CAPTAIN GOD. His voice goes through a crackling scrambler box in his helmet that makes his sound like the ultimate stiff straight white B-movie male authority figure of all time. Unholstering a very cool console, he remotes off the melodic chime.

CAPTAIN GOD

There is the law and there is  
justice. There is the river and  
there is the dam. There is the  
Danish and there is the English  
Muffin. In between there is only I.

The moved-to-near-tears mob thunders up with sanctimonious cheers.

ANGELIC CROWD MEMBER

Captain God rules!

OLD WOMAN

God is good!

The superhero Team ossify together into a perfect pose. Flashbulbs explode all over them as the tourists fire their cameras.

Breaking from the paralysis, one of the ticked-off robbers pulls out a gun.

GUN-TOTING ROBBER

Is this a joke?

The robber fires his gun right at an unblinking Mammoth, who is merely holding up his hands. The TV REPORTER cuts before the image.

TV REPORTER

Looks like this is one hooligan who forgot about Mammoth's "invisible" shield made from a new remarkably clear form of plexiglass, created in the lab of the Cult of Good's secret hideout.

FOUR BAD GUYS

converge on Spooky, who raises up a white fist-size box and politely addresses it.

SPOOKY

Spear.

Extending out of the box like pulled-out antennas is a formidable makeshift spear. With jaw-dropping dexterity, Spooky spins and swirls the weapon battering away the knives of the hapless attackers. Yawning, the superhero sternum-pokes the first attacker to the ground.

Then in one vicious helicopter gesture, Spooky cracks the back of one attacker's neck while crunching the jaw of another. Without even turning to face him, Spooky over-shoulder-flaps back the spear down atop the attacker's skull, pounding him to the ground.

CAPTAIN GOD

fires a flame from the fingertip of a Power Glove he wears at a line of getaway golf carts. One by one, they explode into flames. The Eyepatched Leader uses the fireworks as an opportunity to flee through the awed crowd.

INT. THE UNSPECTACULAR ROOM

Selina cringes away from the explosion sounds, holding her ears. Her group buddies continue to cheerlead. Selina rushes off.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE ON MAIN STREET

A FLAMING CROOK is pulled across the frame by a runaway golf cart. Cactus booms.

CACTUS

What a "drag."

CAPTAIN GOD

"Well done," Cactus.

The two superheroes burst into laughter at their matching quips. Captain God turns to the viewer.

CAPTAIN GOD

In all seriousness, that one was for  
Little Billy. He's the real hero.

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM--NIGHT

Family, friends, doctors, Media, and a priest gloriously pat  
Little Billy who is in a body cast (autographed by the Cult)  
beaming up to Captain God on a hospital screen.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE ON MAIN STREET

Gun emptying, the Gun-toting bank robber's entire face contorts  
into smooshed agony seemingly all by itself. Mammoth is revealed  
to be slamming him with his clear shield. As the robber crumbles  
to the ground before him, the Young Boy bobs up from his toy.

THE YOUNG BOY

Just like the Game boy!

Mammoth slams two oncoming DESPERADO'S heads together crunching  
open their motorcycle helmets. He then roars to wildly applauding  
crowd. They toss peanuts which he devours out of the air.

SPOOKY

Oh, I wish they wouldn't feed him  
like that.

CAPTAIN GOD

Now he'll be up all night...

INT. A DINGY STAIRWELL

As terrifying cheers and explosions reverberate all around her, a  
dizzy Selina lowers herself on to a stairwell, trying to keep it  
together. Regaining composure, she wobbles up.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE ON MAIN STREET

Two SURRENDERING CRIMINALS stand one behind the other as Cactus  
approaches.

FRONT SURRENDERING CRIMINAL

We give up! Please don't destroy us!

Cactus twists a harpoon onto his non-arm. The Back Surrendering  
Criminal reaches to a gun stuck in the back pant of the front  
guy. Cactus fires his harpoon.

CACTUS

Did somebody say "two-for-one sale?"

The harpoon sails right at the single file criminals.



INT. FRANK'S FUN PALACE--NIGHT

Instead of seeing the potentially yucky result, the viewer is given the deft sight of a toothpick-impaled-through-two-olives dropped into a martini, which is handed to the stern but smug MAYOR OF OASISBURG by the smug but smug Fun Palace owner FRANK.

FRANK

Wow, Mr. Mayor, a show like this is good for business...

MAYOR

Never has safety been so sexy and so exciting. I love my town.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE ON MAIN STREET

Like the prettyboy posterboy that he is, Adonis has completely removed himself from the action to autograph magazines and other Bilia with his face on it. He is planting an uncomfortably deep kiss on a BARELY TEENAGE GIRL when he is tapped by Captain God's mighty finger.

CAPTAIN GOD

Hey, Hot Stuff. You're still on the clock...

ADONIS

Sorry, sir. The Cult is my life and my life is the Cult. By God, Captain God, I shall not fail you..

Adonis squeezes up the handle that blasts on his jet-pack. He Canaverals up, arcing mightily into the air. He twists past the towering buildings and the lit-up room of the women's group. He gives them a thumbs-up. They squeal in pleasure, Penelope almost fainting.

Back down in the Square, with a rebel yell, a pack of Robbers rush a very calm Captain God. CG presses his belt buckle causing an ABSOLUTELY BLINDING FLASH. The Robbers cower into incapacitated wobbles; Captain God strafes through them, effortlessly pummeling each to the ground.

Cactus joins Captain for the stomping fun. Tourists delightedly cam-corder the action (the viewer briefly gets the video POV). Cactus takes a camera from A FAMILY.

CACTUS

Go on, get yourself a piece!

Cactus proceeds to film the Tourist family giddily booting and flailing the robber. Burrowing through the crowd, Selina can't help but gape at this horrifying sight. Cactus swings the camera

toward her.

CACTUS

Come on, babe, get in there, be a  
crimefighter for a day...

Selina backs away and rushes off...

EXT. THE OASISBURG SKY

Adonis looks down to see the getaway golf cart thrashing down a  
back alley. Adonis presses a button on his jet-pack. A silver  
ball drops out.

EXT. THE ALLEY

The steel ball thuds atop the golf cart immediately outbreaking a  
billowing pink gas. The robbers immediately keel out of the  
crashing cart. A HOMELESS PERSON also thuds into a heap. So does  
a poor cat. So do some falling birds. So do some flowers ex-  
growing on a windowsill.

EXT. THE OASISBURG SKY

Adonis laughs down to the cloud of harm.

ADONIS

Breathing is a bitch.

He rockets past a billboard shining out "YOU'RE ON VACATION.  
JUSTICE IS NOT."

EXT. TOWN SQUARE ON MAIN STREET

A DESPERATE HOODLUM makes a break for it. Cactus raises his  
cannon arm, putting in a small missile. He takes aim on the  
screeching away hoodlum. Captain God cuts in front.

CAPTAIN GOD

Cactus--shooting a man in the back is  
not very noble.

CACTUS

That is not a man, Captain God. That  
is Vomit accidentally born with two  
legs.

CAPTAIN GOD

Well. I stand corrected.

Captain God takes a royal step back. Cactus fires his arm.

EXT. DARK OASISBURG STREET OFF THE SQUARE

The running away hoodlum goes up in a purty puff of smoke in the background of a walking-forward, shuddering with her head down Selina Kyle.

Suddenly, the Eye-patched Leader scurries out before Selina. He does a deer-headlight pose before continuing his escape. Selina re-trembles forward.

The viewer notices a bulky, hunched-over figure on a rickety scooter puttering behind the faded heroine.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE ON MAIN STREET

Cactus turns from the blazing-in-the-distance hoodlum.

CACTUS

Dat's gotta hurt.

A patch of the crowd wearing "Dat's gotta hurt" T-shirts give cheering thumbs-up signs. Cactus high-fives them with his smoking cannon arm.

A squad of HAPPILY INEFFECTUAL POLICE roll up in sirened golf carts to pile up the aching criminals. One suddenly leaps from the heap, lighting up a cocktail molotov. He sprints toward a massive store selling every kind of Cult of Good merchandising. Adonis whooshes to a landing, pointing and squealing.

ADONIS

Captain God, he's going for the  
Superhero Superstore!

EXT. THE ALLEY OFF THE SQUARE

Selina spins around. Behind her, a withered but strangely pleasant, HUNCHED-OVER MEXICAN WOMAN WITH SEVERE DARK EYEBROWS rests upon an idling scooter.

SELINA

You again! I told you to stop  
following me! Who are--I have enough  
in my life that I don't need  
some...some Hag! Get out of..

Selina is silenced as a flash hits her eyes caused by the moonlight hitting something around the still-smiling Hag's neck. A key.

EXT. THE TOWN SQUARE OF MAIN STREET

The Final Robber heaves back to throw his explosive at the store of Cult of Goodies.

CAPTAIN GOD

Crime does not Pay. Et cetera.

Captain God raises up a remote and presses a button. Two laser beams eek from the eyes of two marble lions on each side of the store's doors. The beams zap-halt the Final Robber into an upright, quivering, standstill.

The crimefighters approach, all extending their index fingers seemingly in order to tap him to the ground. At the last sec, the five superheroes lower their fingers and punch out with their other arms, sending the poor guy flying. The men go back into their trademark heroic pose. The flashbulbs re-commence.

EXT. THE ALLEY OUT FROM THE SQUARE

Shaking off the obnoxious cheers of the crowd, Selina clacks forward. The sound of the scooter again coughs up again. Selina wields around...

SELINA

I said...!

Selina stops herself. The Hag on the scooter is gone. The only thing behind Selina is a beautiful, black stoic cat. It blinks. Selina blinks.

EXT. THE FLASHBACK TO THE SNOWY PATCH OF GOTHAM CITY--NIGHT

Again the viewer glides over the familiar carpet of snow toward the black cat wailing on her back. The Mexican Hag is revealed to be the owner of the POV, standing compassionately over the damaged feline.

INT. A TOO-GIRLISH BEDROOM--MORNING

Selina awakens in the proverbial feverish sweat, zapped by bright morning rays. She quivers into an upright position on a flowery bed. The entire room is in fact quite suffocating in its preserved girlishness. She drowns up to a dresser.

Atop the dresser is a sterling array of china and crystal figurines all depicting pirouetting ballerinas. They all seem to be staring at the ingrateful-for-the-attention Selina. With her finger, she topples one over.

She then gives a downhearted stare to a framed photograph of herself-as-a-girl-in-a-ballerina-dress, arm-in-arm with her beautiful mother. The door opens. Selina's still-beautiful-but-severe MOM makes a live appearance.

MOM

You're late.

SELINA

Yes, Mother. Dear.

Mom closes the door. Then opens it again. She firmly resets the toppled ballerina, then re-closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN--MORNING

In pretty much deathly silence, Selina sits across from her mother (who reads a newspaper with a THE CULT OF GOOD SAVES ANOTHER DAY headline) at the kitchen table. Selina looks down to the world's smallest muffin on a plate before her.

SELINA

A hearty breakfast is the start of a great morning...

MOM

Oh, I forgot to tell you, you're on a diet...The fact you're still reasonably pretty is the one thing you got going for you.

SELINA

(mock-acting as if paid a compliment)

Oh Mommy, you're embarrassing me.

MOM

Is every single thing out of your mouth since your "accident" have to be a monotone mumble of cheap sarcasm?

SELINA

Maybe.

MOM

It's funny, I've heard of giving up finding a man and raising a family to pursue a career. And I've heard of foregoing a career to start a family--but I think you're onto something new, Selina. "Absolutely nothing"--Has a ring to it. I think it could catch on...How's that for sarcasm?

SELINA

Pretty good...Mom, I don't want you to think I don't appreciate...letting me stay, getting me the job--I've been a mess. I'm still a mess. It's just...we have to start having a different conversation. I can't take..

Mom turns on a TV set on the kitchen table. Selina is miffed at the interruption, but lets it go. On-screen, Captain God press conferences in his comically "powerful" voice.

CAPTAIN GOD (TV)

Everyday I put on my helmet is a day  
I may die. We've all seen what has  
happened recently to superheroes in  
other cities. It is a dangerous job,  
but I am proud to wear body armour,  
so you don't have to...

MAYOR (TV)

Thank you, God. Thank all of you,  
Cult of Good. You Men do us proud.

The Mayor rips down a sheet revealing a statue of the superheroes artistically tangled in a spiraling totem with the Helmeted Captain at its top. Jaw-droppingly Phallic, don't you know. Selina pulls the plug on the TV.

SELINA

I'll take your abuse, but it's way  
too early for the sanctimonious Cult  
of Gag...

MOM

Oh, so now even the keepers of the  
city don't meet your  
standards... You're late.

Mom exhales out of the room. Also drearily rising, Selina throws her uneaten muffin in the sink. She yanks up a venetian and recoils against the table. Through the glass, at the back of a golf-course green backyard is a GROTESQUE HUT. Even more disturbing, the Old Mexican Hag wobbles before the creepy domicile, stoking a fire.

SELINA

Mom...

INT. HALLWAY--MORNING

Selina flutters around a corner ready to re-call out. She catches sight of her Mother doing an eerie, not unsexy, body undulation in the hallway mirror. Noticing Selina, she stiffens around.

MOM

Don't sneak up on me...

SELINA

Uh, it's just--that woman out there--  
that horrible Hag. She's the one who

keeps following me on her creepy  
little scooter--And now she's built a  
hut in the back..Why did you...

MOM

Because she asked me--and I couldn't  
very well turn her down. Don't you  
remember-- of course you don't  
remember--that "Hag" is the one who  
brought you to that hospital in  
Gotham City. For what it's worth--  
currently not much--we owe her your  
life...When I think about a single  
woman in Gotham City--amnesia is  
probably the best thing that could  
happen to a girl like you...Oh, don't  
forget your visor.

Selina reels back against the wall, processing the strange Info.  
Mom holds up a very goofy Oasisburg Visor.

EXT. MAIN STREET--DAY

Selina steps out of the shadow provided by the BE HAPPY billboard  
and into the sizzling sun. Visor atop head, Selina trudges down  
Main Street. Everyone else on the citywalk and in the puttering-  
past golf carts wear the exact same mega-dorky visor.

Selina scans to a single file lemming line of CHILDREN march into  
the superhero superstore. They come out the other end in Cult of  
Good T-shirts and bomber jackets, holding C of G lunch boxes,  
action figures and pennants.

Selina trembles forward. A hungry pack of TOURIST WOMEN pant  
against the glass of a jewelry store, lusting over a showcased  
necklace.

BAD MOTHER

Oh, I'd give up my first-born to wear  
it for a day...

The woman, wearing a "Kiss my butt, I'm on vacation" shirt turns  
from the pack to swat her YOUNG DAUGHTER.

BAD MOTHER

I told you to wait in the cart. I  
won't let you ruin my vacation.

Rubbing her cheek, the daughter makes volume-speaking eye contact  
with an unstopping Selina. Selina comes to the end of the road,  
arriving at the earlier-seen monument to all that is tacky and  
misguidedly ostentatious--Frank's Fun Palace.

INT. CASINO FUN PALACE--DAY

The viewer's viewpoint stays on Selina's side as she marches through the sliding doors of the Palace. She moves beneath a thermometer on the outside busting over 120 degrees to one in the inside that hovers in the low twenties.

Selina immediately goes from drained swelter to stiffening shiver. The place has a typically perverse Vegas Casino ambience amped to the next level of over-the-top. Owner Frank swings before Selina in a parka.

FRANK

You're late. I've got some good news  
and some good news. I'm giving you  
more hours and the new uniforms came  
in.

SELINA

(holding up nasty uniform)  
What's the good news?

INT. CASINO BACKROOM--DAY

Selina lines up with a militarily erect group of other women all wearing the "new uniform" in its tight, hideous glory--short, wacky tutus with a hole appallingly cut out at the stomach; a retarded game show host's idea of sexy. The earlier-seen Didi leans back from the line to whisper to Selina (who holds her hand over her bare stomach).

DIDI

You shouldn't have left the meeting  
so soon. Adonis gave us a thumbs-up  
fly-by...

Selina is prevented a response by a piercing whistle. A scary, bespectacled young woman in a masculine outfit and a droning voice commands out. Her name tag reads ESMERALDA.

ESMERALDA

You know the drill, boys. When the  
whistle blows, you scoot to the next  
station. Memorize the new map--  
especially you Amnesia Girl.

Esmeralda flaps over a blackboard revealing an absurdly complicated map of Palace dots.

ESMERALDA

Oh, Today's new rule: when serving  
cocktails, the porthole on your  
uniform should be turned to expose  
the base of your spine. Failure to do  
so will result in a fine. I don't



make the rules; I just really enjoy  
telling you them.

SELINA

(mumbling)

This can't be my life. This can't  
be...Could we fast-forward to the  
part where I commit suicide?

Esmeralda narrows her eyes over to Selina. She pushes away her  
hand, revealing a bullethole scar on Selina's stomach.

ESMERALDA

Oh, what a treat for our guests. Look  
everyone, wounds. Take care of it.

Esmeralda blows her whistle.

INT. WOMEN'S LOUNGE

Selina, Didi, and an African-American woman named KELLY scrub the  
floor of a vast women's lounge.

KELLY

I've learned one thing in my life.  
Never go to work in a place where  
other people come to have fun.  
Nothing like the pressure to have a  
good time to bring out the worst in  
people.

PAINFULLY DEMANDING TOURIST WOMAN

(emerging from a stall)

Kelly, I'm having another carpet  
crisis in my room. Now.

KELLY

Exhibit A.

Selina laughs. Kelly rises, only half-good-naturedly speaking  
toward Selina.

KELLY

Ooh, the zombie laughs.

Esmeralda pokes her head in and blows her whistle.

INT. DINING AREA--DAY

In a bloody apron, a completely nauseated Selina sets down a  
gigantic plate of gnarled, scorched cow amid a ravenous table of  
Tourists, beneath an ALL YOU CAN MEAT sign. Esmeralda walks by  
blowing her whistle.

## INT. MAIN FUN PALACE AREA

With literally frozen smiles, Selina and Kelly serve a trayful of bizarre looking drinks to separate tables of ladies in Furs. After getting their 25 cent tips, Selina and Kelly step away, rubbing their arms to stay warm.

Frank strolls by with a GROUP OF JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN. He gives Selina a pat on her exposed back.

FRANK

You know, Kyle, you're still pretty hot for a pre-Bicentennial babe...

SELINA

"Pre-bicentennial babe?"

FRANK

Yeah, as in born before..Ooh, I suppose it's "sexual harassment" to give a woman a compliment. Sheesh. Come on, gentleman...

Frank leads the men to a mock-gold door marked the Gentleman's Club. Selina watches him shove in a gold card-key that causes the door to whirl open...Before she can take a closer look, Esmeralda blows the whistle.

## LATER IN THE SAME PLACE

A cut is made to Selina standing as a human statue in a water fountain in the middle of the casino. She tries to look to her watch. A whistle sound is heard.

## INT./EXT. A BACK DOORWAY--DAY

A trashcan wedges open one of the casino's sliding doors. It hiccoughs against the can as the women workers fall into exhausted, relaxed positions. Selina bites into an apple. The others look to her as if she burped.

SELINA

What did I do?

WOMAN WORKER

Oh no, it's nothing, it's just you know, the whole eating thing--I mean, considering the new uniforms..

KELLY

I could design a great uniform. I don't mind wearing something degrading if it's interesting, but god, this thing...

DIDI  
(sighing)  
What would we do without this doorway--  
where Africa meets the North Pole.  
The only place in this entire city  
that feels just right...

The Women simultaneously release their tension and lean back into  
well-earned, but vague bliss. Ruined by Esmeralda.

ESMERALDA  
Are you ladies enjoying your break?

She obnoxiously blows her whistle and tugs away the trashcan, the  
women bob behind the closing sliding door.

INT. SALON AREA

In a small, tiled salon area at the edge of the Palace carpet,  
Selina, Kelly, and Didi concurrently manicure, pedicure, and  
facial the Painfully Demanding Tourist.

PAINFULLY DEMANDING TOURIST  
You girls listen to me. That's when  
Oasisburg was Oasisburg--before the  
foreigners...

Didi removes a hot towel from the Demanding Tourist's face. She  
looks off, suddenly mellowed.

PAINFULLY DEMANDING TOURIST  
What. is. that?

DIDI  
It's an every woman's dream.

Selina swings her head. As Didi coos out his bio, the viewer  
takes in the slow motion sight of the magnetic, man's man of  
Madison County, BROCK LEVIATHAN, making a charisma-drenched  
entrance from one end of the casino. A black Doberman trots next  
to him.

DIDI  
His name is Brock Leviathan and he's  
a real architect.  
A true maverick in his field, Brock  
has designed some of the most unique  
yet functional structures on the  
planet, including this very Fun  
Palace. World Traveler, Sculptor,  
Loner--during a fishing trip last  
year in Baja, he caught the second  
biggest Marlin on record. Without a

doubt, the most eligible bachelor in  
Oasisburg...

KELLY

Not so fast, here comes my vote...

Selina swings her head the other way. More of a sly, nimble charmer than the muy macho B. Leviathan, LEWIS LANE makes an equally attractive slow-motion stride from the opposite end of the Fun Palace.

KELLY

He's Lewis Lane, last of the serious journalists. The Oasisburg Times paid a bundle for him. Lewis won a Pulitzer for his first hand account of the Corto Maltese revolution. Excellent chef and a renowned Jazz musician with a cult following in Europe, no woman has captured his heart--but I think he used to date Bjork.

The strutting Brock and Lane bump into each other, ending the slow-motion. They give each other cool glances. Taking everyone's attention, Brock's Doberman suddenly skids onto the tile of the salon area. Selina tugs it out, while the dog delightedly licks the heck out of her.

BROCK

He likes you. Kincaid and I have  
always had similar tastes...

SELINA

In women?

BROCK

(putting her on)

No, in art. I try not bring up women  
around Kincaid. It's a sore spot  
between us. Long story..

SELINA

I'll bet. Funny, for some reason, I  
don't think dogs are supposed to like  
me.

BROCK

You say that like an amnesia victim.

SELINA

Guilty. I am.

BROCK

Ouch. I hope you're not offended by aggressively curious men.

SELINA

I don't know. I can't remember.

Kincaid wags away. Brock gives off some simmering, smiling eye-contact before moving off after him. Selina turns back. Lewis Lane is facing her, also smiling.

THE WOMEN

gape at the sight of Selina turning from Brock to Lane.

PAINFULLY DEMANDING TOURIST WOMAN

Shameless Hussy.

KELLY

A-men.

LEWIS LANE

contemplates.

LANE

A genuine woman of mystery in Oasisburg. Amnesia. Bulletholes in exposed stomach badly concealed with body make-up. Beautiful, intelligent eyes that have no business in "Frank's Fun Palace" or anybody else's Fun Palace for that matter..

SELINA

Uh. "Thanks?"

A too-nearby Esmeralda glares at the flirting Selina. She blasts her whistle making Selina wince.

LANE

Pity. Onto the next station.

A smiling Lane smooths off to the mock-gold Gentleman's Club door and cards himself in. Selina narrows her eyes for a forbidden peek.

Selina's POV sees a group of CIGAR SMOKING MEN mesmerized up to a back-to-the-viewer DANCER in a perceptibly feline outfit. The dancer is moving her body in an echo of the dance Selina's Mom did in the hallway mirror. Wait, could that actually be..The door whines shut.

INT. BACK AREA

Esmeralda is handing out checks. The Women Workers excitedly snap them, deflating by actually looking at them.

SELINA

Oh. I think I'll run out and  
buy...gum.

KELLY

Did you know we make thirty percent  
less than what a man makes on the  
job?

DIDI

You mean, there are men who have this  
job?

KELLY

Uh, I was speaking hypothetically.

ESMERALDA

Quit griping--it's not like you have  
"skills" or better yet, "hidden  
potential."

Sighing but resigned to her new life, Selina neatly folds her  
check and departs out the backdoor exit.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE FUN PALACE--DUSK

Selina comes out into an alley, going into her sad, trudging  
mode. She turns to a familiar sputter behind her. The Old Heavy  
Eyebrowed Mexican Hag is trailing in her rickety scooter. Selina  
tentatively scuffles back toward the scooter causing the Hag to  
buzz away. Selina breaks into a run, pleading out.

SELINA

Wait--please! Strange old hag person,  
come back! I need to ask you-- please!

The Mexican Hag twists to a stop. She smiles. With a happy  
exhale, Selina races forward--when suddenly Selina drops into a  
hole.

INT. THE HIDEOUT OF THE CULT OF GOOD--DUSK

After a somersault down through the air, a shocked-at-her-own-  
physicality Selina lands on her feet--behind a stack of boxes  
marked CLASSIFIED GADGETRY. The tribal sounds of beating drums  
can be heard further freaking her out. Selina squeezes through  
the stacks of boxes toward the drums. She is in the Hideout of  
the Cult of Good.

The level below Selina and the boxes is decked out with the usual

higher-tech fact-finding machinery found in any good superhero lair. More to the point, at the center of the hideout is a round table around which stand Captain God, Cactus, Spooky, and Adonis solemnly beating their own drum. They stop so Captain God can speak in his abnormally-normal voice.

CAPTAIN GOD

We are the Cult of Good, secretly formed without knowledge of each other's identities, we live to make evil die, to serve mankind by--yeah, yeah, you know the rest..

The superheroes loosen up and kick back around the table.

CACTUS

Boss-man, what were you going on about last night: "I am the Law and I am the Danish..."

CAPTAIN GOD

I don't know what I was saying. I totally phoned it in last night. I haven't been getting a lot of sleep lately...

ADONIS

The crowd bought it.

CAPTAIN GOD

Crowd always buys it. What do we got?

SPOOKY

The shopkeeper on 13th street won't drop the lawsuit--He still claims one of the lasers we fired at the Jenkins gang burned down his store..

CACTUS

I hate innocent bystanders. Whine, whine, whine. Will he settle?

ADONIS

God, can I have tomorrow off? My new cereal is coming out and they want me to sign boxes over at..

THE UPPER LEVEL

Selina huffs into a half-smile down to the strange conversation below.

THE LOWER LEVEL OF THE HIDEOUT

Captain God bellows through his Darth Vaderesque voicebox.

CAPTAIN GOD

Do I have to remind everyone that in two days, we'll all be dead. The Cult of Good will be a memory. I don't want to hear about lawsuits or cereals. We have a secret mission...

ADONIS

(jiggling red hotline phone)  
I still have to call my agent--my techno-single just made the hot 100...what's with the phone?

CAPTAIN GOD

You have to dial nine first.

Suddenly, an entering, roaring Mammoth hurls the seen-last-night Eyepatched Leader of the Robbers onto the table, chained.

MAMMOTH

Mammoth bring bad guy...Mammoth not big and stupid.

SPOOKY

Of course not, Mammoth. Sit, Mammoth.

SELINA

hunches forward, eyes ever-widening in fascination.

CAPTAIN GOD

coolly clambers atop the table to stand over the defiantly seething Eye-patched Leader.

EYEPATCHED LEADER

I thought we had a deal! The way it always worked! We give you some, you give us some! The bank robbery last night was supposed to be guaranteed superhero-free! Captain God, you gave me your word! I don't get it, the Cult of Good was getting 40 percent of the cut!

CAPTAIN GOD

I know, I know, I feel bad, Esse--  
You see we're getting out of this Burg the day after tomorrow--And honestly we just don't care anymore...

The Cult of Good rumbles into laughter. Captain God kicks the Eye-



patched Leader into a roll off the table.

SELINA

is too petrified to move.

SELINA

Oh, I really need to be overhearing  
this conversation...

THE LOWER LEVEL OF THE HIDEOUT

Spooky and Cactus unchain the more-confused-than-ever thug.

EYEPATCHED LEADER

Day after tomorrow? You're the keepers  
of the city--You can't just leave--  
You run this town. I don't  
understand.

CAPTAIN GOD

I know you don't understand. That's  
why we're laughing...

CACTUS

Don't worry about us, hoodlum. We're  
giving ourselves a hell of a going  
away party--one that this cheesy city  
will never forget. We do it in every  
city we go to...

EYE-PATCHED LEADER

"Every city you go to?" What..

ADONIS

Cactus, I can't believe you just said  
all that...

CACTUS

Oops--my face must match my cape. And  
to think we were going to let you  
go...

Spooky twirls up her leg to boot the Eye-patched Leader into a  
rolling chair. Cactus does a sock to the stomach that sends the  
chair and the crook flying across the Hideout floor until stopped  
by Mammoth's fist.

ADONIS

I vote "Car Wash."

MAMMOTH

Car wash...Car wash...Car wash.

CAPTAIN GOD

Well, we spent enough time building  
the damn thing, might as well use it.

SPOOKY

A bit sadistic, don't you think,  
Captain...?

CACTUS

A bit sadistic? That's the point.  
What's gotten into you, Spooky? Our  
last week in a town, we follow one  
rule. No rules. Car wash, it is! Good  
luck, man.

With LA Cop sense of unearned superiority, the superheroes amble  
to the terrified Eye-Patched Leader. Captain God pulls a lever  
and a piece of floor slides open. Cactus and Mammoth drag the  
thug into the indiscernable-to-the-audience hole, then bound out.

Captain God presses a button marked CAR WASH. A gear-whining  
noise is heard along with some other unusual sound effects...and  
finally a loud scream.

SELINA

recoils back in horror, knocking one of the boxes into a  
teetering-on-its-last-splinter position.

THE LOWER LEVEL

Hovering over the opening, the Cult of Good flinch back with  
disgusted but highly amused "Ooohing" noises.

CACTUS

"Dat's gotta hurt!"

SPOOKY

He didn't remember to roll up his  
window...

ADONIS

Three seconds--I think we have a new  
record...

MAMMOTH

He didn't even try!

The sound of a falling box from above silences everyone. Captain  
God enunciates in his very best California Highway Patrol voice.

CAPTAIN GOD

That is either a very big rat. Or a  
very big problem. Either way, kill

it.

## THE UPPER LEVEL OF THE HIDEOUT

Selina does a weary cringe to the fallen box behind her.

SELINA

Hidden witness accidentally makes  
noise to call attention to herself--  
How original.

Selina dives under a tarp on the floor. The superheroes scramble to the upper level, pushing away piles of merchandising and kicking up boxes. Cactus smokes toward the flimsy tarp.

MEXICAN HAG

Hola.

Everyone erects themselves from searching positions. Cactus spins from the tarp. Selina pokes her eyes out. Ever grinning, the Mexican Hag plainly reveals herself to the astonished masters of the universe.

CACTUS

Oh, Senorita, this may not be the  
biggest mistake of your life, but it  
is your last.

MEXICAN HAG

Hola.

Cactus makes a cocksure step. With panther quickness, the old woman lowers herself and swings out with her legs, tripping up Cactus. With samurai skill, she crunches Mammoth's knees, deftly eludes a diving Adonis, and twists and elbow in Spooky's face.

Captain God statuesquely mounts the steps to watch his team being outflanked by the little lady. He raises up his Power Glove and fires his finger.

CAPTAIN GOD

Adios.

Hit by a very powerful bullet, the Mexican Hag slams back against the upper-level railing, crumpling in a heap. Selina shudders, biting down a horrified squeal.

CAPTAIN GOD

Well, you don't see that everyday.  
Somebody tell me what's the deal with  
Frida Kahlo here?

SPOOKY

Just a homeless woman. Wrong place.

CACTUS

(laughing)

Right time. That was kind of fun. She  
had spunk.

CAPTAIN GOD

Why am I still troubled...

The melodic chiming noise fills the air. Everyone sighs.

CAPTAIN GOD

Who's got the keys to the Van?

The superheroes charge down the stairs. A shattered Selina crawls  
from the tarp. Tearing up, she eases up to the Hag, whose face is  
bathed in a beatific light.

SELINA

Oh no, no, you hideous,  
hideous..beautiful woman. I can't  
stand another mystery in my life, I  
really can't. You led me into the  
hole, didn't you? You wanted all this  
to happen..Why?

A noise. Selina shudders--to the sight of the black cat creeping  
from the rubble. Selina clings her up and sorrowfully pets her.  
The cat gently slips out of her grasp to curl next to the key  
around the Hag's neck. Selina stares.

EXT. THE KYLE BACKYARD

Shining by the moon, the key seems to bob disembodied across the  
night, until Selina emerges from the darkness, wearing it around  
her neck. She is holding the cat in an almost zombie walk through  
her mother's backyard toward the Hut.

INT. THE HUT--NIGHT

Selina flaps into the Hut of typical mystical Hag decor: Chipped  
crystals, smoking roots, scribbled curses, all illuminated by  
disturbing candles. Selina drifts by it all toward an ancient  
wondrous chest and its sparkling-by-candlelight keyhole.

Selina shoves the sweat-covered key over her neck and into the  
hole. Click. Selina lets go of the cat, who clumps into a  
comfortable witness position. Selina opens the chest. Inside is  
the Catwoman outfit. Its mask. Its whip. Selina falls to her  
knees.

EXT. SNOWY PATCH OF GOTHAM CITY--NIGHT

Again, the viewer glides across the snow of Gotham City, joining

the Old Mexican Hag as she tiptoes toward the wailing cat--only the cat is not a cat anymore. Selina in the Catwoman outfit is writhing on the white ground, bloodied and bruised.

INT. THE HUT--NIGHT

Clenching the outfit out of the chest, Selina crashes to her side in the dirt with body-racking cackles that veer into cat screeches. Selina cuts off, her eyes dead-open.

EXT. THE SNOWY PATCH OF GOTHAM CITY--NIGHT

On the moonlit white, Catwoman has calmed into a graceful slumber. Legs approach. They belong to Selina Kyle. Her own Prince Charming, Selina kneels and twists to give Catwoman a soulful kiss. Catwoman's eyes open. Wild winds begin to blow the Gotham snow.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HUT--NIGHT

Wild winds swirl around the hut in Oasisburg. Selina emerges in the historic Catwoman ensemble, pulling the mask on. The viewer's viewpoint swirls upward...

INT. SELINA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

The sexy, lazy tempest knocks open the window of Selina's childhood bedroom, jostling everything out of its precious order. The army of ballerina figurines splatter everywhere. Mom flusters into the room to batten down. She looks out the window and gets a quick glimpse of a strange figure slitting into the night. Mom's reaction is hard to gauge.

EXT. ABOVE OASISBURG--NIGHT

The viewer does an awesome, city-wide Zeus POV plunge into glamorous Oasisburg. The lit-up billboard emblazoning "Be Happy" nastily collapses out of the pretty picture.

EXT. THE ROOFTOP OF THE BILLBOARD--NIGHT

Heaving a sledgehammer to a rest upon her shoulders, Catwoman rises up before the Moon. Her eyes dart over to another building topped off with a billboard imploring "RELAX." She scowls.

EXT. MAIN STREET PROMENADE

FAMILIES and COUPLES pretending to be in love, all dressed in we're-having-fun clothing, promenade the Disney/CityWalkesque main street. Before they can break out in song, the RELAX billboard comes crashing down between them all sending everyone shrieking.

The Jewelry-Loving Bad Mother is trying to Instamatic the

precious necklace. Her henpecked Daughter points to the rubble.

DAUGHTER

Mom, did you see that?

BAD MOTHER

I told you not to interrupt me...

Again, the Bad Mother spins to slap her daughter. A black leathered hand with sharp homemade fingernails intercepts the gesture.

CATWOMAN

Mothers shouldn't hit their daughters...Alas, we are not related.

Catwoman angrily paw-pushes the Bad Mother's face, sending the woman down on her behind. Setting off an alarm, Catwoman punches the jewelry store glass and rips out the adored necklace. She flings it up into a massive electric bug-catcher that causes a sizzling explosion that anguishes the Mother and delights the Daughter.

Alarm blaring away, Catwoman prances forward. The Starbuckian Crowd squeamishly backs away, but is too mesmerized to run. A COCKY FRATERNITY GUY in an "Oasisburg U.--where Education Comes Third" T-shirt presses to the front of the crowd.

COCKY FRATERNITY GUY

Hello--You people idiots? It's a woman, folks. I don't care what she's wearing, I'm...

Catwoman casually launches her arm, uncoiling her whip with a lightning snap. It seemingly perfectly stings into the Cocky Guy's mouth. He holds his face in blistering pain.

CATWOMAN

Catwoman got your tongue?

COCKY FRATERNITY GUY

(An incomprehensible mouth-damaged moan).

CATWOMAN

That's okay. It was a rhetorical question.

The Fraternity Boy charges forward. Catwoman calmly rolls over his bearing-down back. She sweetly backkicks his face sending the young man ramming into the store alarm, crunching it into grateful silence. Catwoman happily sighs, fingering into her mock-ears. The dumbfounded tourists fumble up their camera equipment and explosively fire.

CATWOMAN

Please, please, no flash photography.

A PLANET-HOLLYWOODY DOORMAN IN A GOLD BOMBER JACKET breaks toward a big red-button, labeled the CULT OF GOOD, set up on the corner like a mailbox.. He is right about to reach it when the whip wraps around his ankles. Catwoman tugs him into a thud. Then saunters to the button herself with a Cheshire smile.

CATWOMAN

Come out and play..

Catwoman whams the red button. The melodic alarm fills the air...

INT./EXT. SUPERHERO VAN ON NORTH MAIN STREET

The Cult of Good Van blitzes toward the viewer, a periscope popping from its top.

The superheroes are crammed together in the 70's shag-carpeted interior of the Van. Cactus mans the periscope.

ADONIS

I thought we were going to take it  
easy until the Mission...

CACTUS

This looks promising...

The Infra-Red Periscope view shows the crunched "RELAX" billboard.

EXT. MAIN STREET PROMENADE

The Van screeches into a half-doughnut stop. The superheroes casually pop out like clocking-in factory workers. Their calm is wounded by the sight of a line of tourists and citizens crouching in silence on the sidewalk.

SPOOKY

Leave the Van running..This shouldn't  
take long...

ADONIS

Hello, Oasisburg!  
(noticing fear of crowd)  
What's everybody's problem...

CAPTAIN GOD

Apparently...That.

Enchantingly curled in the middle of the street, Catwoman is in adorable slumber mode. Not waking, she bats a fly from her face.

SPOOKY

What's the catch?

CACTUS

Ooh, I've read about this Philly.  
She's the one who gave that wimp  
Batman all those migraines up in  
Gotham...

MAMMOTH

(childlike)

Kitty...

CAPTAIN GOD

Back Mammoth. I want someone to harm  
her, not cuddle her...

CACTUS

I don't know, Boss, you saw what the  
big guy did to the last kitty we gave  
him.

CAPTAIN GOD

How could I forget. Mammoth--go pet  
the kitty.

Mammoth approaches the nestled Catwoman. And stomps down on her. Her stomach recoils back just enough to make a miss. Confused and enraged, Mammoth stomps again. Catwoman does a quick roll that ends with her resting against her elbow as if watching TV on the carpet. She awakens with a yawn.

Mammoth rushes for a kick. As if pulled by a Puppeteer, Catwoman uncoils into a standing rest against a lamppost. Mammoth rotates for another rhino charge. Instead, Catwoman bolts toward him.

She ballets up to a tiptoe rest upon his belt buckle. Then swings around with her other leg. Mammoth is thwacked into a stumble back. He lets off a Stoogesque whinny of frustration as Catwoman completely unwinds back into her original dozing position.

CACTUS

Stand off, Curly. Learn from the  
master.

Affixing a whirring drill bit to his mechanical arm, Cactus strolls forward. In a surprising flash, he comes down hard with the drill. Catwoman's stomach flies back an absurdly far distance back. Cactus comes down again.

Catwoman does a full leg spread to make a miss. She then scissors her legs around the drill, snapping it off.



She somersaults up, weaving from Cactus's determined punches. Catwoman then savagely Rockettes up her leg. With immense self-satisfaction, Cactus snares it by the ankle.

CACTUS

Nice leg, baby.

CATWOMAN

Thanks. I have two.

Using her held leg as leverage, Catwoman completely spins the other half of her body into the air cracking Cactus's skull with her free leg. She lands on her feet. Cactus lands in a heap.

The earlier-glimpsed Young Boy in the crowd glumly lowers his beeping Toy.

THE YOUNG BOY

This isn't like the Gameboy..

CATWOMAN

Learn to read, you annoying little  
brat!

Catwoman strips the toy from the traumatized boy and flings it into a more-emotionally-than-physically hurt Mammoth's face. Catwoman laughs, not noticing Captain God making a stealth move to her side. She darts a look to him as he raises his literally trigger finger. A beat.

He fires at her head and her head snaps back. With a sultry grin, Catwoman reels in. And spits out the bullet. She confidently opens up her mouth again. Captain God pulls out a machine gun from around his back. Catwoman's face drops, her mouth comically remaining open. Drawbridging back up, Catwoman dives behind some trashcans as Captain God fires the machine gun.

With his jet-pack, Adonis swooshes down behind a rising-up-behind-a-lamppost Catwoman.

ADONIS

I wish I didn't have to hurt you so  
soon. What's pain without love...

CATWOMAN

Oh Boy Wonderful, I know you don't  
have superhuman powers in traditional  
crime-fighting, but I can tell by  
looking at you--that in other areas--  
you're super-duper-M-A-N. Oh,  
I'm in heat..

Mock-smitten, Catwoman melts her body into his. An unbuckling noise. Adonis closes his eyes in pleasure. Catwoman's claw flicks

on a switch on the power-pack. The machine whooshes dis-embodied into the air. Adonis opens his eyes to wail at his departing goody.

ADONIS

Woman, those things are expensive!

CATWOMAN

Shut up, Bitch.

Catwoman viciously knees Adonis in the groin, doubling him over. She turns to the comfortably approaching Spooky.

CATWOMAN

I know that was a cliché, but as clichés go, a good one. Don't worry, I'm not forgetting you.

Catwoman launches a full-fledged kick into Spooky's privates. Spooky yawns.

CATWOMAN

(using name as adjective)

Spooky.

SPOOKY

(to white box)

Spear.

Spooky's spear extends out and the androgynous superhero gives it a sweeping swipe. Catwoman completely bends back onto her hands forming a human arch. Spooky stabs down the spear, Catwoman lunges up and uses the weapon as a pole vault to flip over Spooky's head.

Catwoman clings up a brick and girlishly bounds toward the superhero merchandising store. Adonis yelps.

ADONIS

Captain God, she's going for the Superhero Superstore!

As he did before, Captain God presses up a remote. Laser beams shoot out from the sentinel lions, not at the oncoming intruder, but veering wildly off, past the Heroes' ducking heads. The beams buzz smack-dab into the phallic statue of the Cult of Good, erupting it in a Bobbit-tian blast.

The crowd loses it. Squealing their lungs out, they disperse in all directions. In deranged anger, the Do-Gooders turn from their leveled totem of worship back to Catwoman, who stands in a cutesy Boopesque pose, index finger against her chin.

CATWOMAN

You see, I kind of re-configured the  
laser trajectories--Oh, I don't know  
all those big words like you guys  
do...See ya.

With a giggle, Catwoman tosses the brick over her head. It bangs  
through the passenger window of the Heroes' idling Van. The brick  
bounces off the front seat onto the gas pedal. The Van roars  
forward, right through the doors of the merchandising store in a  
brisk, everything-shattering crash.

The Heroes roar in agony. Catwoman twists next to a comparatively  
stoic Captain God, purring into his ear.

CATWOMAN

You're not a super-hero. You're not  
even a hero. You're a scary, sick,  
fake who made a big mistake. You  
killed someone very special to me..

CAPTAIN GOD

And...your point?

Captain God does a savage elbow into Catwoman's stomach. He  
swings around his hand, but Catwoman does a two-clawed catch. She  
unlatches his Power Glove, exposing his fleshy hand. She harshly,  
but not unattractively bites into it causing God to do a not  
unamusing scream through his voice-box. Catwoman cackles into a  
smooth cartwheel right into an open manhole.

Mammoth bounds after her, but gets stuck with an ugly roar.

ADONIS

Oh Man, not the sewer, I just had  
this cape cleaned...

CAPTAIN GOD

It's okay. Let her go.

CACTUS

Let her go? Our store..our pride..she  
castrated our monument!

Captain God is very calmly rubbing his injured hand with his  
uninjured one, then sticking the bloody fingers into the mouth of  
his helmet to lick them.

SPOOKY

You like them, don't you, Boss.

CAPTAIN GOD

Oh, I like her. I like her a lot. I  
want to save this one for later.  
Something that tasty you don't eat

all at once. Go back to your alter-egos, we'll regroup in the morning.

The superheroes drift off in different directions, tensions boiling high. Spooky notices the black cat warming itself by the fire of the merchandising store. Spooky can't help but smile.

INT./EXT. SPOOKY'S PLACE

Spooky leaps down a fire escape, then rustles behind the red cape to pull out a rabbitfoot keychain. Spooky enters an apartment and flicks on a light. Staying outside, the viewer backs away from the lit window to see Spooky taking off the superhero uniform.

The chest-plated top comes off, revealing a sheet tied around Spooky's torso--the international symbol of a woman strapping down her breasts to pose as a man. Spooky boils some water and pulls out some Kraft macaroni and cheese. As Spooky starts to take off the sheet, the viewer's viewpoint pulls out to Catwoman watching from a fire escape across the way.

CATWOMAN

I had a feeling...Spooky is a lady.

INT./EXT. THE HUT

The Catwoman outfit flutters back down into the chest. In pajamas, Selina looks meditatively into an old cracked mirror, stroking the black cat on her lap.

SELINA

This can't be my life...this can't be..

(dazed laugh)

I can't believe it--I'm Catwoman. Me. So weird...

The viewer's viewpoint pulls out from the poignantly unsure Selina through a makeshift "window" opening on the hut. It is revealed Captain God is watching her.

CAPTAIN GOD

I had a feeling...Catwoman is that arousing woman from Frank's Fun Palace. Wow.

INT. THE MAYOR'S OFFICE--THE NEXT DAY

The Mayor of Oasisburg is grimly pacing before his staff and the uncomfortably seated superheroes. Mammoth is scarfing a breakfast buffet. In a STOP THE VIOLENCE T-shirt, Adonis is gently vined around a trembling-with-joy female Staffer.

ADONIS

After you've been with a super-hero,  
you can never go back..

MAYOR

(cutting into view)

Have you heard of nowhere? Well, we're  
in the middle of it. Attracting  
people to come here is everything  
we're about. Tourism is 98 percent  
of Oasisburg's revenue..

Mammoth raises his hand.

MAYOR

And don't ask me what's the other  
two..

Mammoth lowers his hand.

MAYOR

All it takes is one unpleasant thing  
to send people fleeing up to Tahoe  
and down to Cuba. Last night, the  
Helipad was jammed with people  
clawing to get out of here. I don't  
want to take anything away from you  
men. The Cult of Good has been great.  
You've made crime-fighting a  
spectator sport and I can't thank you  
enough.

(losing it)

But will you please destroy Catwoman!  
I beg you, make her die in agony! A  
couple serial killers I can handle,  
but have a woman running around in a  
sexy but dangerous cat-suit--It gets  
under your skin and you can't get it  
out! Men question their manhood and  
women I-don't-know what...

CAPTAIN GOD

Mayor. The animal will be put to  
sleep. Tonight.

INT. THE KYLE KITCHEN

Selina breezes into the kitchen and casually tosses the miniscule  
muffin laid out for her into her mouth. Her Mom looks up from a  
newspaper headline: CATWOMAN CLAWS OASISBURG.

MOM

Where were you last night? I didn't  
hear you come in.

SELINA

It's because I didn't come in. I live  
in the Hut, now. I meant to tell  
you..See ya.

Selina runs off, smiling to the newspaper headline. With  
surprising mountain lion swiftness, Mom rockets around and  
poaches Selina by the arm. Both Daughter and Mother are unnerved  
by the move.

MOM

Just because you're starting to get  
your memory back--it doesn't mean you  
know everything. Be careful...

Mom lets go. Rubbing her arm, Selina backs out of the kitchen.

INT. A RADIO STATION--DAY

An obnoxiously stern-as-in-Howard D.J., OINK JACKSON, is growling  
in the flesh, next to a big Mike and a coffee mug reading WOMEN--  
CAN'T LIVE WITH THEM, CAN SHOOT THEM. Delicately seated across  
from him in headphones is author/feminist Dr. Penelope Snuggle.

DJ PIG

"Throwing Women Out of a Moving  
Vehicle When They Make You Angry"--  
I'm Oink Jackson and that's been this  
morning's topic; thanks for your  
calls. I admit "Slowing down" is a  
valid point. That said, I have a  
very special guest in the studio--  
one of the country's foremost post-  
feminists, Dr. Penelope Snuggle,  
author of--talk about timing--The  
Catwoman Complex. Penny, what is up  
with this chick? I gotta say, a bath  
with my tongue and she'd be  
domesticated like that.

PENELOPE

(smiling deference)

You're probably right, Oink. You  
know, I almost feel sorry for the  
nutcase. Catwoman is just the  
ultimate example of every--I'm making  
quotations with my fingers--  
"powerful" woman: a raging psycho who  
can't admit she needs an H-U-G.

(twinge of jealousy)

Don't even get me started on her  
exploitatively tight male magnet  
uniform with the strategically placed  
flesh-patch rips..

DJ OINK

Don't get me started either, I'll  
lose my license...

DJ Oink presses a button that causes a BOING noise. Penelope  
delightedly blushes.

PENELOPE

Oh Oink, you're ba-ad..

EXT. CART ON MAIN STREET

A radio crackles...

DJ OINK (RADIO)

What symptoms should a man looks for  
to make sure his woman isn't  
empowering up behind his back...

PENELOPE (RADIO)

Well if you refer to the chart on  
page 31, you'll see...

A shoe kicks the radio into silence. The foot belongs to an out-  
of-conformist-visor-into-groovy-sunglasses Selina. Didi drives.

DIDI

What did you do that for?

SELINA

My sanity.

Selina grins out to a bunch visored Tourists hastening off  
clutching hastily packed suitcases, beneath an Oasisburg Times  
poster promo-in "Catwoman--Who?What?When?Where?How?" with a  
fuzzy photo.

Selina catches sight of the frazzling-forward-with-suitcase Bad  
Mother and her Daughter, who as she did before makes eye contact  
with Selina. She smiles and winks. Selina is a little freaked--  
"How does she..."--but manages to smile, too.

INT. THE FUN PALACE

Selina and Didi come in from the hot and take a violent slapstick  
hit back from the air conditioning. They stagger forward. Frank  
approaches, licking lips.

FRANK

There you are, Selina. I've been  
thinking..I have some.."positions"  
opening up..

SELINA

Stop.

FRANK

Oh, what? I offer you a job in implied exchange for physical favors and suddenly it's "sexual harassment..."

SELINA

Can I be frank, Frank? Your entire existence is sexual harassment. I accept there's not much you can do about it.

The women workers of the Fun Palace drift toward the bubbling volcano.

FRANK

Hey, you're anti-male.

SELINA

Oh Frank, I'm not anti-male, I'm anti-you. Believe me, there's a difference. Kelly is designing new uniforms for next week. Pay her and thank her. And is it a rule that the hottest places on the planet have the coldest air conditioning. There's something out there called 73 degrees, look into it.

FRANK

What if I were to say "You're Fired?"

SELINA

What if I were to say "Your Wife"-- as in does she know of your touching mentor-student relationship with the post-Bicentennial babe working the roulette wheel?

FRANK

(a beat)

Kelly, get to work on those new uniforms. I'm not running a summer camp here..

Didi, Kelly, and the other workers look to Selina in impressed awe. Frank blusters off. Selina removes her shades. The Doberman Kincaid suddenly lunges into frame, insanely baring its teeth. Selina springs away as Brock Leviathan tugs back with a leash.

BROCK

Strange--you seemed so close. I



wonder what's happened since  
yesterday..

SELINA

I wonder..

A DIGNIFIED BRITISH BUTLER, JEFF, intervenes, taking control of  
the hound.

BUTLER JEFF

Oh, do let me handle this, sir..

BROCK

Why thank you, Jeff.

A slightly flustered Selina and Brock walk off together through  
the vivid casino thoroughfare.

BROCK

What's the matter...

SELINA

Nothing, just a jolt of deja-vu. I  
think I went out with a guy with a  
dignified British butler--can't  
remember how it turned out..

BROCK

I'll bet the butler's name wasn't  
"Jeff."

SELINA

(laughing)

You're probably right.

BROCK

I was wondering, if you're not doing  
anything tonight...Would you like to  
go to dinner?  
I know; a tame suggestion considering  
the wide variety of miniature golf  
possibilities available to the  
Oasisburg citizen--but nevertheless,  
would you?

Selina and the viewer scan to one of Brock's hands. It has a  
bandage on it.

FLASHBACK FROM LAST NIGHT

In eerie-erotic slow motion, Selina/Catwoman flashback bites into  
Captain God's exposed hand.

BACK TO THE FUN PALACE

Blown away, Selina snaps back to live-action, bumping into a GAMBLING WOMAN, knocking away her martini. With amazing (ly suspicious) reflexes, Brock snares the glass in air with his bandaged hand and hands it to the impressed Gambler.

SELINA

How heroic of you...

BROCK

(to bandage)

Kincaid got a little frisky last night...So, meet here at eight and go from there? By the way, I'm Brock Leviathan.

SELINA

But of course you are. Dinner at Eight. Wouldn't miss it.

BROCK

There's a nice cafe down the street...unless you're afraid of this Catwoman prowling around. We can always dine at the mansion, if..

SELINA

I'm not afraid. Are you?

Brock charmingly shakes his head, then waves off to a dazed and confused Selina with his bandaged hand. He pulls out his gold card and goes off into the Gentleman's Club. Simmering at the goodbye scene, Esmeralda stomps up to Selina, opening her mouth to drone.

ESMERALDA

I liked you better when you were a mumbling catatonic. You might be able to push around Frank, but..

Selina plucks off Esmeralda's whistle, puts it on the bar, bangs it to pieces with her shoe, then lei-s what's left over Esmeralda's neck.

INT./EXT. BREAK-TIME DOORWAY

Crashed out in the patch of perfect temperature of the forced open doorway, the working women take their lunch break. Only Selina actually eats.

WORKING WOMAN

Do you have to chew so loudly?

KELLY

Don't get angry at Selina for our  
food-free diet...

DIDI

(staring off)

She's got some nerve--that Catwoman..

WORKING WOMAN

Oh, I know, if I have to see one more  
news report on that show-off..Anybody  
can do what she does-- it's just who  
wants to, am I right? Swiping jewelry,  
beating up fraternity guys..show-off.

SELINA

I don't know. I find her rebellious  
spirit rather refreshing..

KELLY

She-she-she just thinks she's so  
great, sashaying down the promenade,  
snapping her little whip...

DIDI

(a beat)

I always wanted to do that though.  
Walk down that plastic street and  
just bop anybody on the nose who gave  
me guff.

WOMAN WORKER

Sure was fun to see the Almighty Cult  
of Good get a good ego blow. Those  
guys are starting to get on my  
nerves...

KELLY

Yeah, they're like the popular kids  
in high school with different  
costumes. Face it, we're so jealous  
of Catwoman, it's disgusting..

Selina widely grins--until the shriek of Esmeralda's glistening  
new whistle.

ESMERALDA

Move it...And Kyle, you're on tan  
patrol...

Everyone shudders.

EXT. POOLSIDE--DAY

Poolside, Selina shuffles down a Fredricoesque line of sunbaking

Tourists splayed on lounge chairs. With industrial-size tanning lotion, Selina unpleasantly goes from person-to-person oiling them up. She finishes an INSUFFERABLE WOMAN ONE before moving on to INSUFFERABLE WOMAN TWO.

INSUFFERABLE ONE

She's a disgusting, filthy beast--  
and probably a feminist.

INSUFFERABLE TWO

Where does Catwoman get the right to  
call herself half-a-woman?

Selina lifts up a chilled Diet Coke and pauses it over  
Insufferable Two's back contemplating a pressing action.

LANE

Don't do it. She's not worth it.

The shadow of the amiable Lewis Lane shadows Selina. Wearying up a smile, she continues down the line of Ozoned epidermis as they speak.

SELINA

I don't know what came over me.

LANE

What is it with women and Catwoman?  
Men have the courtesy to punish the  
weak, but women love punishing the  
strong. Don't get me wrong--this  
Catwoman is a terrifying, subversive  
menace to everything this community  
stands for and she must be stopped.  
It's just, I like her a lot.

SELINA

Yeah, she's okay.

LANE

Most articles focus on the first half  
of her name--describing some feline  
monster. I want the woman of  
Catwoman. After all, if it was a man  
dressed as a cat, the story would be  
on page 23--just another loony. Oh, I  
want this one. I want her bad..

AT A NEARBY OUTDOOR BAR

Kelly and other Women Workers watch the flirting duo while  
pouring Sangrias. The glasses overflow and overflow but the  
Female Tourists don't notice, because they're also staring with  
heat-seeking stares.

LANE

shakes out of his reverie.

LANE

Sorry, I get carried away. Once I become interested in someone, I can't stop trying to figure them out...Amnesia victims are challenging..

SELINA

I actually got some memory back last night.

LANE

How much?

SELINA

(don't want to talk about it)  
Enough.

LANE

Oh now this one is mine...

Selina chuckles as they come to A SWEATY BEACHED OBESE MAN completely concealing his chaise. Selina hands Lane the cocoa butter and stops laughing. His hand has a sizable bandage on it.

The viewer is given a speeded-up version of the cat-bites-hand flashback. Selina jolts back to consciousness. Lane notices her notice his hand as he good-naturedly bastes the whale.

LANE

Oh the hand--my grandfather is inventing a new kind of blender and..You know, I realize I've never officially introduced myself...I'm Lewis Lane.

SELINA

But of course you are.

LANE

I was wondering, if you're not doing anything tonight...

SELINA

I am. Dinner with Brock Leviathan...

LANE

Ah! Ah!--God no, don't tell me you're one of those women who are attracted

to ruggedly handsome and brilliant  
architects..

Selina chuckles until Frank steps up to her.

FRANK

There you are, you ingrateful  
little..If you think I'm letting you  
get away with your little one-woman  
show...

LANE

(rising up behind him)

Now Frank, I know you're not hassling  
your most beloved employee. And to  
think I was going to do a piece on  
the mystery promotion you're holding  
tomorrow night..am I being subtle  
enough, Frank?

FRANK

Oh, Mr. Lane, Kyle and I--we like to  
razz each other once in a while. You  
know how it is. All in good fun. Let  
me tell you about tomorrow's  
event..It's going to be amazing.

Frank and Lane walk off together. Lane turns to wave with his  
bandaged hand. Selina wobbles with even more anxiety. Esmeralda's  
whistle blows before she can rest her body on a chair.

INT. BAR AREA OF MAIN CASINO

The viewer's viewpoint moves down a bar snippets from various  
conversations of the bundled up tourists.

BANK PREZ TALKING TO BIMBO

..catch her in a big, bear trap and  
leave her out there for the whole  
city to see and learn from..

PROPER WOMAN TO HUSBAND

..the mere thought of her is spoiling  
our whole trip..

FEMALE EXEC TO SAME

Call me crazy, but if Catwoman walked  
into that boardroom, we'd get the  
damn day-care center...

Selina is revealed to be at the end of the bar. She picks up a  
plate of drinks, then puts them down, tingling in contemplation.  
Didi sets down some empties.

DIDI

Selina, are you okay?

SELINA

(quiet momentum)

It's just..They tell you, really  
early on, that women are just women.  
But then you hear things. Mother  
lifts up a car to save her child.  
One woman who won't shut up exposes  
the corruption of an entire  
government. You think, wow, those  
extraordinary other women. But what  
happens when you find out the  
extraordinary isn't extraordinary.  
The extraordinary is actually  
ordinary-- what happens when you find  
out it's you. All along it was you..

DIDI

(lost in space)

I can't believe you're going out with  
Brock Leviathan--Hey, who let that  
cat in here?

The oh-so-familiar black cat is in the middle of an exquisitely  
royal stroll across the casino carpet. A grotesque FEMALE CAT  
HATER sours her face down at the passing pussy and gives it a  
kick into the air.

FEMALE CAT HATER

Oh, how awful--a cat.

Unfazed, the black cat lands on its feet by a staircase. It  
scampers up.

INT. FLOOR OF HOTEL ROOMS--DAY

Clambering up to a Fun Palace hotel floor, the Black Cat goes by  
an open door. The Painfully Demanding Tourist Woman seethes over  
Kelly, who is on her knees on a white carpet.

PAINFULLY DEMANDING TOURIST

Oh, the incompetence of you people--  
you're not looking close enough.  
Closer! It's a spot and it's  
unacceptable! When I come to  
Oasisburg, I demand..

The cat continues past a closed door that Frank stands outside of  
talking to a Male Staffer.

FRANK

Animal's been in there for a month.

Tomorrow, I'll just call the  
police...

The viewer's viewpoint goes through the door.

INT. DARK HOTEL ROOM

A GARGANTUAN, VERY DEPRESSED WOMAN is crashed on a bed covered by  
a forest of discarded food wrappers. She zombies to two TVs  
simultaneously. She changes channels until both show footage of  
Catwoman.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE THE FUN PALACE

Sauntering through the Palace's sliding backdoors, the Black Cat  
moves down the alley, past the familiar hole. The viewer bobs  
down inside...

INT. THE HIDEOUT OF THE CULT OF GOOD

The superheroes take their positions around the circular table.  
They begin beating their drums--until Cactus angrily tosses his  
away.

CACTUS

God-damn..

CAPTAIN GOD

What did you say?

CACTUS

Sorry man, I didn't mean that  
personally...

CAPTAIN GOD

I know how you feel, humiliated in  
the hands of a woman. I'd rather eat  
my soul on a paper plate...

ADONIS

Yeah-sure, whatever you say, Captain---  
but I say we leave this Catwoman a-  
lone. As far as I'm concerned, she  
can have Oasisburg as a litter box.  
We're out of here tomorrow night  
anyway...Who needs the aggravation?

MAMMOTH

(own world)

Yesterday, I found a rock.

SPOOKY

Not now, Mammoth. Adonis is right.  
We've had a good run here--the



protection kickbacks from the crime syndicates, the merchandising scams-- Tomorrow night we have a big, violent, complicated and lucrative mission to pull off. We should be resting up.

#### CACTUS

Resting Up? Sorry Spooky, I've got to go with God on this one. I hate to think we're just in this for the money. Garfield's girlfriend crossed a line last night and she's got to get spayed. We're going out of Oasisburg on a win.

#### CAPTAIN GOD

O loyal and lethal Warriors of true fierce force and MIGHT. Let us taste blood of feline and female on this sweet NIGHT.

The heroes pick up their drums and begin beating them. The viewer's viewpoint rises...

#### EXT. MAIN STREET

The cat is caught up to, skittering down Main Street beneath a disgraceful poster of a too-well-endowed Nurse in an advertisement for Breast Implants ("Buy Two get One free"). The cat then dips beneath a golf cart outside a garage.

TWO MECHANICS are pretending to look under the hood of the cart, bursting with suppressed laughter. They are obviously bamboozling a painfully suspicious FEMALE DRIVER.

#### MECHANIC

Oh, oh, this is bad. It looks like you're going to need a new, a new... "Goalpost" switch. Yeah, a "Goalpost" switch.

#### FEMALE DRIVER

A what? How much is...

The cat keeps trotting. A SWEET GEN-X WOMAN bursts from a restaurant in tears. Her GRUNGIE NOW-EX-BOYFRIEND follows out to "comfort."

#### GRUNGIE EX-BOYFRIEND

Trust me, babe. It's for the best. I know you better than you do and you deserve someone better than me..

SWEET WOMAN

But just yesterday, you even talked  
about getting married...

YUPPIE EX-BOYFRIEND

Hi, Tricia.

A YUPPIE EX-BOYFRIEND parks his pretentious luxury golf-cart and gives it an alarm squeak. The mere sight of him causes the Sweet Gen-X woman to whimper off into the street where she is almost hit by a newspaper truck promoting Catwoman.

YUPPIE EX-BOYFRIEND

Just dumped her? She takes it hard,  
doesn't she?

GRUNGIE EX-BOYFRIEND

Sure does. Wow, what a coincidence--  
Two guys of different social  
backgrounds having gone out with the  
same chick.

YUPPIE EX-BOYFRIEND

Hey, how many times did you "date"  
her, before you cut her loose?

GRUNGIE EX-BOYFRIEND

Eight.

YUPPIE EX-BOYFRIEND

Eight! Me, too! Let me buy you a  
beer...

The cat hops up onto a steel girder that gets pulled up into the air by a construction crane. The girder and the airborne kitty pass a window in which a VERY NERVOUS WOMAN is watching television.

INT. THE APARTMENT OF THE VERY NERVOUS WOMAN

She is watching Catwoman coverage. Her phone rings. With a gulp, she picks up.

STALKER'S VOICE

It's me. What are you thinking about?  
Your breathing sounds so nice...

INT. APARTMENT ACROSS THE WAY

The STALKER himself is revealed to be watching through a telescope from across the way. Photographs of the Nervous Woman are pinned all over his wall.

STALKER

Is it just me or does the restraining  
order make everything so much more  
exciting...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BUILDING

The girder comes to a landing before a school. The cat hops  
off...

INT. CLASSROOM

The black cat moseys across a classroom window sill. Inside,  
THREE BRIGHT FEMALE STUDENTS have their hands raised. The MALE  
TEACHER gives them a dismissive glance.

MALE TEACHER

Anybody else? For pete's sake, what is  
it with you girls and chemistry? Must  
remind you of cooking up recipes--  
That's it, isn't it?

The Three Bright Female Students lower their hands, sadly  
annoyed.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL--DAY

The cat sprints away from the school and into the back of a pick-  
up golf cart where a vaguely WORKING CLASS COUPLE pulld away from  
a stop-light. The Working-Class Husband is hauling a nice-but-not-  
too-nice dress from a shopping bag.

WORKING CLASS HUSBAND

This is a joke, right?

WORKING CLASS WIFE

Now honey, it was on sale and I used  
my savings...

WORKING CLASS HUSBAND

Yeah, your savings out of my  
earnings! What's wrong with the  
sweatpants I bought you? For a big  
woman you got a small brain, Fetch!

The Working Class husband flings the dress into the middle of the  
road. The WC Wife (in sweatpants) bounds from the cart to  
retrieve it. He revs away, leaving her stranded.

The black cat ambles up behind her, tugging the dress with its  
mouth. The Wife ruefully smiles, takes the dress, and pets the  
cat. The cat turns and sashays off the road....toward the very  
familiar Hut.

INT. HUT--DUSK

Using a grinding stone, Selina is buzzing her pristine ballerina figurines, one by one, into very strange and sharp knick-knacks of unknown purpose. She has a long sheet bibbed around her neck. The entering black cat nestles herself by her lotus-positioned caretaker.

SELINA

See anything interesting out there...If they only knew...

#### MONTAGE OF CLOSE-UPS IN LIMBO

Different closets open in the same vivid motion. Sewing machines wildly rumble across a bizarre array of fabric. Various cats cower at the frenetic off-screen behavior of their owners. Kitchen drawers are ripped open to reveal shiny, would-be weaponry. The tops of clothes hangers are contorted to make claw-glove fingernails. An army of eyes open in intense mascara.

SELINA (V.O.)

If they only knew it takes as much energy not do something as it does to do somethin--so if it takes the same amount of energy, why not do something..why not, even if it's just for a night, why not get a little wicked...All that energy used to put up walls could be used to bring a couple down.

#### EXT. OUTSIDE THE HUT--DUSK

The working hands blend to Selina's banging in an outrageously cool motor into the Mexican Hag's once rickety scooter. It has been remodulated into a slick, black beauty of raw power. Selina gives it a buff with her bib, smiling down to her approving cat.

SELINA

Nice, huh? I've strived to be someone who doesn't talk to their cat, but you're the only who understands. So. I've met a fascinating, charming successful man. And I've met a man who pretends to be all these things, but who, deep down, is really one of the great sadistic psychopaths of our time. If I only knew which one was which. I hate dating.

Selina takes off the sheet bib. She is dressed to the tens.

#### INT. SELINA'S BEDROOM--DUSK

A claw draws shut a curtain over the sight of the departing-for-date Selina.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE--NIGHT

Selina and Brock share a breezy chuckle at a perfect outdoor cafe.

SELINA

You designed Gotham Plaza? The big silver guys pulling on those big silver things...

BROCK

What did you think?

SELINA

Oh, it's superb--I mean if you like that fascist nightmare kind of thing...

BROCK

Hey, hey, the client comes first. You think I want my future children to know their Daddy created Frank's Fun Palace?

SELINA

I checked out your stuff at the library. Awesome work, really. Why would someone like you want to go out with a...with a..what exactly am I, again?

BROCK

You're very special. Selina, I'm not a very good liar. I feel very strongly about you...forgive me use of architecture metaphors, but I instantly know a good foundation when I see one..

The winds suddenly kick up in sexy, scary Santa-Ana-style. Brock snaps a billowing away napkin with his bandaged hand.

BROCK

I despise these kind of winds. Sorry, I guess I'm a little on edge. Seems this Catwoman has everyone, men and women, on edge. Don't you feel Catwoman says something about the duality of all men and women...

SELINA

(big speech)  
Stop. We are not having a "duality" conversation. "Ooh, he has a secret side. Ooh, she has a dark side."  
Please. Duality is a joke. You get one, do you understand me? You get one life. One shot. I'm so tired of women saying "I have an inner strength" or "Deep down, I'm really ambitious."  
"One day I'll design my own line of clothing and write children's stories, if I can only remember to return the videos I rented last night." If you are something, then you better be out there doing something. You need to be the same bold thing in the day that you are at night--with maybe a slight clothing change. There is no gray area. The truth is not somewhere in between. There are two sides to every personality, all right--the reality...and the lie. We are not having a "duality" conversation.

BROCK

(a beat)  
So, did you see "Seinfeld" last week?  
That Kramer-guy really makes me laugh.

Selina and Brock break into a tension breaking chuckle.

SELINA

I'm sorry I went off like that, I get passionate. I--I guess I'm a passionate person. One of those things I had forgotten.

(pointedly)  
When you were a little boy did you want to grow up to be a superhero?

BROCK

What little boy doesn't...  
(staring off)  
My God...it's, it's...Catwoman.

SELINA

(not looking up from eating)  
No it's not.

A crashing noise is heard. Selina turns. A DEATH ROCK CHIC CATWOMAN WHO IS NOT CATWOMAN (the earlier seen Female Driver) is driving her golf-cart back and forth through the shattering glass

doors of the rip-off garage. Selina floats up in a daze.

As she steps out into the street along with a concerned Brock, more Catwomen seep out. Of every shape, size, and color--High fashion, low fashion, no fashion. Some even have tails.

A literally PERSIAN CATWOMAN (with a veil), some ROLLER DERBY CATWOMEN, and a CATWOMAN IN A WHEELCHAIR descend upon the Breast Implant poster and scratch it to shreds with their homemade claws.

A LONG, LONG BRAID OF BLACK-MANED CATWOMAN is using her hair as a whip, swinging and stinging a circle of GANG MEMBERS. Curling backwards from a black background, TWIN OVERWEIGHT CATWOMEN de-camouflage to tear and shred the visors of a tourist family. Selina then hears and sees a COPYCATWOMAN cracking a whip. She loses it.

SELINA

A whip? Now that's going too far! Some of these women have no shame!

BROCK

What's the matter? What are you saying?

SELINA

Well, it's just that I would think that the woman who is the real, non-imitation Catwoman would be pretty angry at some little amateur minx stealing the whole whip idea. Really angry.

Selina cuts off as she notices, poking out of an alley across the street, a seriously observing LEWIS LANE IN A TRENCHCOAT. Brock reaches over and slams down the red button of the CULT OF GOOD Call-box. The melodic alarm suddenly comes on.

BROCK

This is insane. Let the heroes handle it. I'd better get you home...I should check on my warehouse to make sure it hasn't been hit...

SELINA

(suspicious)

Your warehouse? Go on ahead--to your "warehouse." I'll be okay...

BROCK

Are you sure?

SELINA

I'm sure.

Brock charges off. Selina narrows her eyes. She turns to see Lewis Lane spinning into the darkness of the alley to dash off. Selina narrows her eyes.

SELINA

Which one of you is going to go get your helmet?

Selina bounds away, passing the Working Class Wife who has made a Catwoman outfit out of her discarded dress. She faces a SIMILAR CATWOMAN.

WORKING CLASS WIFE ONE

Don't tell me, you bought a simple, inexpensive dress and your husband flipped out...

WORKING CLASS WIFE TWO

You too; I'll beat up your husband if you beat up mine...

The women shake hands.

INT. SPLIT SCREEN OF TWO WORKING HOMES

In a split screen, the two working class husbands open their respective doors. A high-heeled leg greets them with a Rockette slam that sends both men on each side of the screen collapsing violently back into a Lazy=boy.

BOTH WORKING CLASS WOMEN

Your wife works hard. She deserves something nice once in a while! This didn't have to happen!

INT. BEAUTY CONTEST

A smarmy Beauty Contest Host leans to an insufferably cute Contestant.

BEAUTY CONTEST HOST

While our remaining Contestant waits in the Soundproof booth, let me ask you Tiffany, "If you could re-paint the world, what color would you choose?"

CONTESTANT ONE

(doing sign language)  
I would sell the paint and use it to buy bread for the children of..



With screams from the off-screen audience, an ELDERLY CATWOMAN, A PREGNANT CATWOMAN, AN ALL-RED REDHEAD CATWOMAN and of all people, ESMERALDA IN A DR. SEUSS CAT-IN-A-HAT CATWOMAN ensemble rip down a MISS OASISBURG banner then proceed to pummel and hair-tear all the contestants and the yucky host.

CONTESTANT TWO nervously vibrates in the sound-proof booth, crossing her fingers, her back obviously turned to the pandemonium outside. Contestant One gets slammed against the glass causing Two to turn around. Wearing a stolen tiara, Esmeralda-Catwoman snarls against the glass. Contestant Two instantly faints.

INT. A DULL HOME

The WORLD'S DULLEST AMERICAN GOTHIC COUPLE are expressionlessly watching the Beauty Contest Catwoman riot, behind TV trays. The Dull Wife slowly stands and exits the frame.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM OF THE GARGANTUAN WOMAN

The Gargantuan Depressed Woman heroically remotes off her TVs. With all her might, she maneuvers a leg out of the bed with an apocalyptic Thud.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HUT

Catwoman races from the Hut, fully dressed. She triumphantly vaults upon her groovy motorcycle and vrooms it to life...or not. The motorcycle coughs to a wheezing halt. Crushed, Catwoman slumps off, then twists around in a furious-beyond-belief feline whine.

INT. POLICE STATION--NIGHT

THE CHIEF OF POLICE is being dragged into the worst night of his life. He shouts into a big Dispatch microphone.

POLICE CHIEF

I need all units to the Town Square,  
the conniving Catwoman has been seen  
terrorizing tourists by...

(getting memo)

Correction!: Catwoman has proceeded  
to the docks...I need all units to  
once and for all..

(getting memo)

Correction! I think we got her now,  
boys-- I have a new sighting of the  
ferocious feline at...wait a  
minute...

Extending his transmitter as far as he can, the Chief stretches out to a window. Outside, Catwomen run wild in the streets.

POLICE DISPATCHER  
Uh--Correction...God help us all.  
Captain God.

EXT./INT. THE VAN

The Van rumbles out from an alley. The superhero crew are angry and determined.

CAPTAIN GOD  
Have we reached the epi-center?

ADONIS  
Ayy! Some cat's blocking the  
periscope. Somebody, give it a  
swat...

THE INFRA-RED VIEW FROM THE PERISCOPE

shows a cute close-up of the content Black Cat.

EXT. MAIN STREET--OUTSIDE THE VAN--NIGHT

Cactus bangs out of the van and hops up to shout at the cat.

CACTUS  
Beat it cat, or I'm going to...

Cactus makes a deadpan turn from reaching for the feline atop the Van. His jaw drops as do the jaws of his exiting teammates. Craning up from the Van, the viewer sees what they see. More than ever, the street has been completely taken over by marauding Catwomen of every kind, destroying storefronts with a delighted lack of purpose.

A squealing trio of Helmeted Police officers run away--right into the wall that is the Gargantuan Depressed Woman, wearing a storeroom of black leather. The Cops collapse on impact. The Cult of Good calmly surveys the scene.

MAMMOTH  
Mammoth feel queasy.

ADONIS  
I had no idea it was this bad. The  
entire city has cat scratch fever.  
Such disregard for our codes of  
justice...

CAPTAIN GOD  
Have you ever given a cat a bath? It's  
not very pleasant.  
(with a dark laugh)

For them.

#### INT. THE STALKER'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

In his strategically dark apartment, the Stalker licks his lips and dials the phone.

THE STALKER

Hi, it's me. What are you wearing?

A feline-screech on the other line makes him wince. He looks through his telescope. The Nervous Woman, now a Very Unnervous Catwoman, is waving from across the street, baying into a cordless phone.

THREE SETS OF GLOWING EYES move closer behind the hyperventilating Stalker before emerging as attacking Catwomen. The Stalker screams. A NUN CATWOMAN in bright red lipstick takes the telescope off its perch...

#### INT. AN ABUSIVE HOUSEHOLD

An ABUSIVE HUSBAND is pushing the head down of a hunched over, seen-in-the-first-scene Sad Woman.

ABUSIVE HUSBAND

Pick it up! I said pick it up! Pick! It!

Esmeralda-Catwoman in her new beauty contest tiara is hooking a huge hook onto the back of the Abusive Husband's belt. She raises a walkie-talkie.

ESMERALDA CATWOMAN

Up!

#### ON A BUILDING ACROSS THE WAY

A line of Catwomen tug a street-crossing Rope with all their might.

#### INT. THE ABUSIVE HOUSEHOLD

The Abusive Husband is ripped up in air, through a shattering window, and into dark oblivion.

SAD WOMAN

Please--I don't want you to hurt him.

ESMERALDA CATWOMAN

Who cares?

#### INT. THE POLICE STATION--NIGHT

A jello of frayed, defeated nerves, the Police Chief groans.

POLICE CHIEF

Wait a second, where did they find  
the telescope? Ouch!

(another line)

Sighting of how many? No, no, not the  
Fun Palace!

INT. HOTEL ROOM

The Painfully Demanding Tourist Woman lays twitching and totally traumatized in a pool of raw sewage that has been discharged all over the formerly-pristine white carpet. Culprits Didi, in Tabby Tweed gear, and African-American Kelly, in all-white leather, prance from the room down the staircase.

INT. THE CASINO AREA

Catwomen have spectacularly taken over the casino, completely trashing the place, delightedly laying siege on the fur-coated women and the terrified Tourist men.

All the men of the casino break into a dead heat toward the Gentleman's Club, frantically searching for and ripping out their gold card-keys. Most of them manage to scramble inside-- except notably Frank, who drops his card. Didi-tabby, Kelly-Kat, and others, descend on him just outside the door. Didi ominously pulls out the scissors.

INT. THE GENTLEMAN'S CLUB

Frank's moans can be heard along with scratching noises against the door. An extremely UNRELAXED LEGION OF MEN press quivering flesh, crammed together in the moody, tacky Gentleman's Club. The Mayor, in his pajamas, trembles amid them all.

THE MAYOR

Oasis...Oasis...It's supposed to be  
an Oasis--not a place where women  
dress up like pets and suddenly have  
an absurd proficiency in the martial  
arts.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Pumping from the Van, holding a massive hose, Mammoth fires an elongated ocean into the Catwomen. Like all cats, the ferocious pounding of water drives them into shrieking insanity.

CAPTAIN GOD

Works for me.

ADONIS

I don't know about you, guys, but I'm

getting a little buzz off this.

CACTUS

Yeah, this is better than rape.

SPOOKY

(wincing)

Cactus, sometimes you don't deserve  
to wear our logo.

CACTUS

Touchy. Look everybody, it's Casper,  
the friendly crimefighter...

INT. THE CASINO AREA

The Female Cat Hater sees our favorite black cat prancing across  
the carpet. She cringes her eyes shut and rears back for a kick.

FEMALE CAT HATER

Oh, how I hate...

She kicks forward and opens her eyes. The Catwoman is lying in  
the cat's place, effortlessly pawing the Cat Hater's foot.

FEMALE CAT HATER

You wouldn't hit a woman?

Catwoman flips the Cat Hater over the bar with a crash. Catwoman  
then springs up into a standing position. A TEAM OF SECURITY MEN  
IN BLAZERS race forward reaching for their guns. Catwoman  
fiercely flings her shaved and sharpened ballerina figurines.  
They pierce into the guards' hands causing them to dump their  
weapons and fall to their knees.

Catwoman glowers ahead to the sight and sound of the Copycatwoman  
cracking her whip in the distance. Catwoman bounds forward into  
the air--she uses the shoulders of the wailing, kneeling Security  
Men as stepping stones.

The Copycatwoman swings back her whip, about to crack it.  
Selina's whip wraps around hers and she gets yanked back, her  
spine slamming into the real Catwoman's chest.

CATWOMAN

Every woman can be a Catwoman. But  
the whip thing is mine. Got it?

COPYCATWOMAN

I don't see why everyone can't just..

Catwoman cuts her off with a cat-shriek that sends Copycatwoman  
running away whimpering. Real Catwoman smiles down to the sight  
of a nervously shaking Frank tied into a stretched position in

four directions across a craps table. A round hole in his shirt has been scissored out. His hairy, pot-belly hangs out like a popped but unwiped pimple.

Catwoman then comes to the sight of the Sweet Gen-X girl who was dumped on the street. She has catted herself up in a shredded wedding dress. She is holding a pipe over a large pleading, kneeling construction worker's head.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Come on, just because I whistled at some girl, I have to be savagely beaten? It's not my fault, I was never taught to adequately appreciate women..

CATBRIDE

Okay, I'll just hit you once.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Thank you.

Catbride clangs him to the ground. A FRIGHTENED ACCOUNTANT tries to crawl past. Catbride is ready to bonk him when Catwoman intervenes.

CATWOMAN

Take it easy, tiger.

CATBRIDE

I've been dumped by two supposedly serious boyfriends in the last month! Don't tell me to take it easy..

CATWOMAN

Hey, hey, there are bigger problems for women that the stupidity and cruelty of men.

CATBRIDE

Name two.

Catbride springs forward tackling a FLEEING MAN three times her size and begins tearing at him. Laughing, Catwoman hauls her off.

Suddenly, two sets of POLICE OFFICERS (one set led by the Chief) converge from opposite directions, pulling out their guns. In one spectacular move, Catwoman simultaneously swings back her arms and cracks both her whips into the opposing lead cops, stinging them to the ground. Everybody else retreats in terror.

Didi-Tabby, Kelly-Kat, and all other Catwomen wobble forth in awe, to lay at the feet of the master. Since our Catwoman is the only one who makes an effort to speak in a slightly different

voice, she is unnoticed as Selina.

KELLY

It's Catwoman!

CATWOMAN

Yes. "The one and only."

DIDI-TABBY

How are we doing? Did we do okay? What do we do now?

CATWOMAN

It seems you've all had a heck of an evening, but you probably should quit while you're ahead. It's getting late and it's probably safer if everyone just goes home and...

Catwoman turns to a portable radio on the ground.

DJ OINK (RADIO)

You got Oink Jackson on WPIG and I never thought I'd say this, but I've found a group of people more annoying and worthless than women-- Catwomen!

CATWOMAN

On second thought, who's up for a nightcap?

INT. THE RADIO STATION--NIGHT

DJ Pig stands and sneers into a big Mike.

DJ PIG

The whole city is in a panic over those chicks and I say Puh-leeze! You wanna see a hundred angry and twisted women, talk to my ex-wives. As for the whining, pathetic X-chromosomes catting around tonight-- fill in the missing letter P..M--- Oh, we have a caller...

CATWOMAN'S VOICE

Oh Oink, I've finally found a man with the courage to tell the truth about women...

EXT. SOUTH MAIN STREET

Catwoman is comically leaned in a phone booth, other Catwomen tightly surrounding the glass.

CATWOMAN

I'd really love to discuss the  
subject further--what's your  
address...

EXT. NORTH MAIN STREET

The Water is squeezed off. In a brutal follow-up march down the street, the Superheroes hoist up incredibly cool tranquilizer guns and fire away with remarkable Inhumane Society skill at the soaked, frazzled felines.

The familiar faces get blasted from liberated euphoria to instant falling coma--the hair-as-a-whip Cat, the Twin Overweight Catwomen, the Persian, the Wheelchaired Catwoman, along with some new ones: A HOMELESS TOMCATWOMAN. A HAIRLESS CATWOMAN.

A CAT-TATOO-COVERED MARDI-GRAS BIKINIED CATWOMAN, A MIDGET CATWOMAN, A DRESS-FOR-SUCCEEDED CATWOMAN.

MAMMOTH

A hunting we will go, a hunting we  
will go...

ADONIS

Ah, Cats. Now and Forever.

CACTUS

(Elmer Fudd)

Be verwy, verwy, quiet; I'm hunting  
Catwomen.

SPOOKY

Cactus, watch out for that Siamese  
behind you...

Cactus turns to SIAMESE TWIN CATWOMEN behind him, tucked into the same Siamese fur-resembling outfit. He fires a dart between them, sending them both crumbling.

Last but Not Most, Adonis fires a dart at the thudding forward Gargantuan Catwoman. She keeps thudding forward. The rest of the superheroes fire their weapons. She keeps thudding...then savagely timbers to the ground. The Cult of Good sigh in relief.

CAPTAIN GOD

The Tranquilizer Tranquility will  
hold for about an hour..where is she?  
These women are out here on a lark--  
Ladies Night at a discotheque. It's  
not in their blood the way it is for  
Catwoman...Where is she?



SPOOKY

I hate it when you get like this.  
This Catwoman is becoming an  
obsession. I say we call it a night.  
Tomorrow is a big day for us...

CAPTAIN GOD

What's the matter with you, Spooky,  
my most trusted comrade? We are  
warriors! These are the challenges we  
live for!

CACTUS

Oh mon Capitaine, you might want to  
come over here...

Cactus stands by a golf cart with its radio blaring.

DJ OINK (RADIO)

Oh you hot tease, what kind of  
surprise do you have for me?

CATWOMAN (RADIO)

Now if I told you, it wouldn't be  
a...

DJ OINK (RADIO)

Don't say anymore, babe. Just bring  
it on, bring it on...

CAPTAIN GOD

I recognize that purr  
anywhere...Let's do some good.

EXT. AN OASISBURG ROOFTOP

The familiar Catwomen from the casino plow from a rooftop door.  
On the rooftop across from them towers a neon antennae blazing  
WPIG. Commandeered by Catwoman, the Catwomen extend out a wide  
wooden plank to connect up the two buildings. Catwoman catches  
sight of the earlier-seen High School Girls adorably dressed as  
matching kitties. Catwoman gets stern.

CATWOMAN

Wait, wait, you three. You're not  
cats, you're kittens, go home.

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL KITTENS

No way, all we did was soap our  
sexist science teacher's car. We're  
still hungry...

Giggling, the kittens scamper across the wooden plank. Just then,  
Adonis whooshes up between the two buildings in his jet-pack,

cradling DJ Oink in his arms.

DJ OINK

So long, suckers...

THE KITTENS

Catwoman!

Just as the Catwomen angrily process the sight of the fleeing D.J., they look out across to the opposite roof. Mammoth has emerged and is slamming a pick-axe down at the High School Kittens, who are all futilely rolling across the rooftop trying not to get impaled.

MAMMOTH

Kitties...Kitties...

CATWOMAN

Come on, Catwomen...!

Catwoman turns to see the rest of the crew wagging away in fear through the rooftop door. Catwoman sighs.

EXT. RADIO STATION ROOFTOP

Mammoth has one of the kittens cornered. He comes down hard with his pick-axe. Catwoman whip-wraps the pick-axe and tears it away. She then hurls another squadron of her sharp ballerina figurines. They stick harmlessly into Mammoth's boosted-up shield. She whips lifelessly against the shield as Mammoth fe-fi-fo-fums forward.

The women go into a football-style huddle. They break with a simultaneous hand-clap. They all charge Mammoth at once, pounding, leaping, tearing onto him, despite his shield. He tips, tips back. Over the edge. He grips up with one hand. His shield falls.

EXT. THE STREET BELOW--NIGHT

The earlier-seen Grungie Ex-Boyfriend and Yuppie Ex-Boyfriend accidentally run into a face-to-face recognition.

BOTH MEN

Hey, you're the guy who...

The ex-boyfriends simultaneously look up and get plastered by the falling invisible shield, crushing them below frame. The Catbride strolls up and smiles down to her crumpled Ex-es.

CATBRIDE

Wow, what a coincidence--two guys of different social backgrounds getting nailed into the ground by the same

piece of multi-strength plexiglass.

EXT. THE ROOFTOP--NIGHT

Mammoth hangs by his fingertips, looking up with baby eyes. All the girls melt.

MAMMOTH

Mammoth no want to die. Help Mammoth please.

HIGH SCHOOL KITTEN

Oh...Poor little guy...

CATWOMAN

Ah, my adorable kittens. Word of advice. When choosing between you and the person who wants to hurt you. Choose you! Kill Baldy!

After a millisecond of contemplation, with baby cougar rage, the girls all wildly stomp on Mammoth's hand. He drops with a howl.

EXT. STREET LEVEL

Moaning Mammoth crashes down atop the yuppie's BMW golf cart, demolishing it to dust, but setting off its annoying cart alarm.

EXT. THE ROOFTOP

Catwoman lowers the Kittens onto a fire escape.

CATWOMAN

Scoot...

HIGH SCHOOL KITTEN

Thank you, Catwoman. Sorry for not listening to you before..

CATWOMAN

(mock-unsentimental)

Go on, get out of here...

CAPTAIN GOD

So sweet. Protecting your litter. You can't tell, but I'm smiling.

Captain God pleasantly traipses across the roof toward Selina. No Hurry. As they speak, they curiously circle each other, before relaxing into a closer and closer standing position at the edge of the roof, like honeymooners by the rail of a cruise ship.

CAPTAIN GOD

Hasn't anyone ever taught you that

fighting violence with violence  
solves nothing.

CATWOMAN

It's a lot more fun than fighting  
violence with pamphlets. That  
voicebox of yours is a hoot. Say "I'm  
wearing no underwear"--it'll be  
funny..

(getting serious)

You do know you're evil, don't you?

CAPTAIN GOD

A superhero's job is to protect  
society. Don't blame me if society  
is a horrible, corrupt joke.

CATWOMAN

(imitating him)

"A superhero's job is to protect.."  
Sorry, I can't take you seriously...I  
overheard you say that tomorrow the  
Cult of Good will be dead--I should  
be so lucky--what did that mean?

CAPTAIN GOD

My, those little ears pick up a lot.  
The Cult of Good will die heroically  
preventing a world-class heist. Since  
we will be the ones performing the  
heist, our deaths will obviously be  
fake. But have no fear. There will be  
many other deaths tomorrow...and  
those will be quite real. I'm afraid  
these questions of yours put you in a  
position not unlike a long-tailed  
tabby in room full of rocking chairs.

CATWOMAN

Oh please, sir, one more. Are you the  
reporter or the architect?

CAPTAIN GOD

Yes. I am the reporter or the  
architect.

(regarding outfit)

You've been through so much..It looks  
like you've used up all nine of your  
lives...

CATWOMAN

I still have one left...

CAPTAIN GOD

You think so?...Selina?

CATWOMAN

You've seen me...

Captain God suddenly savagely slams his power glove around Catwoman's throat in a completely incapacitating strangle. In her death throes, Catwoman's disoriented POV has the Captain's Helmet do a fantasy dissolve to reveal Brock Leviathan, wearing the rest of the uniform, seething in his own voice.

BROCK AS CAPTAIN GOD

The world has demanded that men get in touch with their feelings. That we look deep inside ourselves. Well, we have! And you're not going to like what we have found! You expected us to soften. To become more human. The New Male. The New Male is like the metric system. It will never happen here!

Catwoman's POV does a wobble and suddenly it's a helmetless Lewis Lane, who is strangling and snarling.

LEWIS LANE AS CAPTAIN GOD

You tried to weaken us. Sap our energy. And it almost worked. Men realize more than ever we have to go for the win. Whatever you said we were too much of, we have to become more of. Violent. Domineering. Uncaring. We're taking back lost ground!

EXT. THE ROOFTOP ACROSS THE WAY

A SPECTACULARLY, FLAMBOYANTLY DONE UP CATWOMAN, which the savvy viewer will be able to discern as Selina's Mom, is slinking across the roof across the way with a grand bow and arrow. She raises it up.

EXT. THE ROOFTOP--NIGHT

Back to complete reality, mystery man Captain God "kisses" the temple of the life-drained Catwoman, still taunting through his voicebox.

CAPTAIN GOD

The great thing is that even as I kill you, you find me more attractive than ever. You like the danger, the power, the mystery of my cruelty...

A bolt arrow slams through the power glove with a nasty spark.

Staggering back, Captain God unleashes Catwoman's throat in (amusing-through-the-voice-box) outraged agony. Gasping, Catwoman, heels God in the knee, crippling him, then does a 360 spin kick into his bonging neck. She dashes to the edge of the roof to see Spectacular Catwoman zipping away.

CATWOMAN

Ma?

Captain God aches upward. Catwoman runs over him like carpet and pounds to the fire escape. God rasps into his wrist.

CAPTAIN GOD

She's coming down.

Captain God re-collapses.

EXT. MAIN STREET

In his hearty jet-pack, Adonis streams over the tranquil street strewn with the tranquilized Catwomen. He smiles over his evening accomplishments. His POV passes Catwoman standing placidly in an alley. He reverse-floats back. She is waving.

ADONIS

Here, kitty, kitty..

Adonis thunders forward full-throttle right at a completely unmoving Catwoman in the narrow alley. The viewer gets his rocketing POV--until the POV suddenly stops in mid-air with an outrageous crashing sound. Another view reveals that Adonis has crashed smack dab into Mammoth's shield, which has been wedged into the mouth of the alley.

Adonis crashes back onto his pack. Didi-Tabby, Kelly-Kat, the High School Kittens, and the Catbride emerge from hiding positions to congratulate. Catwoman tosses away the shield.

Achingly smitten despite her recent empowerment, Didi-tabby sighs down to the sleeping Adonis. She bestows him a kiss, at first sheepishly, then hilsriously vigorously. Catwoman shakes her head in disappointment.

CATWOMAN

Oh, Didi...

DIDI-TABBY

Sorry. Hey, how did you know my name?

CACTUS

Yee-ha! Looks like this town ain't big enough for the both of us, pardner!

Cactus takes a Dodge City pose at the end of the catwomen-

cluttered street. He loads a missile in his cannon-arm. Didi-tabby scurries to a busted window sporting goods store, rips up a small tennis ball machine, and hurls it to Catwoman, who catches it with one arm, without looking. Her mega-coolness crumbles when she realizes what she caught.

CATWOMAN

Tennis ball machine?

DIDI-TABBY

I tried.

CATWOMAN

A big gun would be nice.

Didi-tabby sheepishly shrugs her shoulders. Making the best, Catwoman turns to Cactus. They do a traditional gunslinger walk toward each other down the street, holding their unorthodox weapons at their side. They dramatically stop.

CACTUS

Last words?

CATWOMAN

Hakkuna Matata. Means no worries.

CACTUS

I know what Hakkuna Matata means, you..

They both "draw." Catwoman Eastwoods a tennis ball perfectly into the mouth of Cactus's cannon with a loud thunking noise. He tries to bang it out.

CACTUS

No, no, it's clogging...it's

Cactus holds his machinery-arm away from himself with howling panic. It erupts, sending the rest of his body flying against a wall. Catwoman turns from the sight, to the viewer.

CATWOMAN

"Dat's gotta hurt."

Catwoman high-fives the surrounding Catwomen. Their joy is short-lived as Spooky, with too-fast-to-fast-to-register speed, thwacks everyone but the original catwoman to the ground with her trusty spear. It replaces itself into its small white-box holder.

CATWOMAN

Hello, Spooky.

SPOOKY

I don't want to hurt you, Catwoman.

Yet. After tomorrow, you can do anything you want, but please, just stay out of sight for the next 24 hours. I won't stand by and watch my leader get all emotional over an animal like you. I warn you, don't tempt Captain God when he is angry. Let is complete our mission in peace.

CATWOMAN

Whatever you say...Sis.

Spooky slightly double-takes at the last syllable--then charges into the night. All at once, the streetful of Catwomen behind Catwoman rouse from their forced hibernation. They individually drift off in eerie silence.

INT. THE INCREDIBLY DULL HOME

The Dull Wife comes back into the frame and re-sits behind her TV Tray, unnoticed by her dull husband. She has a bandage on her forehead--and a barely perceptible smile.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HUT--DAY

As if in the throes of a bad hangover, Selina rustles out from her Hut. She freaks up at the sight of Lewis Lane strolling from a parked golf cart.

LANE

Good morning.

SELINA

Ah! You scared me! How did you know to come here! Have you been spying..

LANE

(sneezing)

No, of course not. You're listed. Not the hut, exactly, but the rest of..

SELINA

Well. I'd let you come in, but the place is a mess...

For comical effect, the viewer gets a view of the couple out through the open door of the creepy lair.

SELINA

Next time, call...

LANE

I thought you'd like a ride to work.  
(heavy sneezing)



You don't own a cat, do you?

As Lane turns toward his cart, Detective Selina mischievously calls out.

SELINA  
Hey, Captain God!

LANE  
(turning around)  
What did--?

SELINA  
You turned around!

LANE  
Yes, you shouted the words "Captain  
God" at me for no reason...

SELINA  
Oh, do you turn around every time  
somebody just shouts at you?

LANE  
Actually, yes.

Selina nods, not really knowing if she just proved something, then knowing she didn't prove anything. Head down, she stomps to the cart.

#### EXT. STREETS OF OASISBURG

Still suspicious as hell and who can blame her, Selina warily watches her driver as they putter a side-street. Both are in groovy sunglasses.

SELINA  
Did you try to kill...

LANE  
What?

SELINA  
Nothing. How's your hand?

LANE  
About the same. Thanks for  
asking...Damn blender.  
(a beat)  
Okay, I can't stand it anymore, I'm  
dying to know--Did you try on some  
whiskers last night and hit a 7-11  
along with all those other women?  
You had to have thought about it--a

Catwoman for a night?

SELINA

(under her breath)

Like you don't know...

LANE

I'm having a hard time picking up your signal this morning--What did you say?

SELINA

I said I saw you last night. What were you doing hiding in that alley, running off when the superhero alarm sounded...

LANE

I was doing my job. At the risk of sounding egotistical, I didn't become the best reporter in the world sitting by the phone. I was chasing tail all night--I was not spying, intentionally, on your hot and heavy date with "Brock Leviathan, architect."

(a beat)

I can't believe he ordered white wine. You do know white wine is not real wine...

SELINA

Hey, I thought...

The Cart turns a corner onto Main Street and Selina cuts off. Like war-torn refugees fleeing their homeland, a Zhivagoesque parade of Tourists rumble down the street with their suitcases. The Painfully Demanding Tourist Woman, still covered in sewage, zombie-walks, tugging wheeled Gucci.

LANE

I'm afraid last night was the last straw of our city's tourists. The Mayor, in his finite wisdom, is throwing a "Month of the Woman" luncheon ball for the public this afternoon to try and calm everyone down. I thought maybe you and I could...

SELINA

(end of her rope)

Go together? Sure, why not? Another date with someone who could be an

insane messenger of death for all I know. No offense. Hey, lean over, let me smell your breath..Say in a deep voice, "A superhero's job is to protect..."

LANE

You're scaring me, Selina.

(a suave beat)

Do it some more.

Selina stares deeply into Lewis Lane's eyes, trying to get a reading. She breaks her stare with a surrendering laugh.

SELINA

I give up. I give up.--I can't figure you out. Not gonna try.

LANE

You can't figure me out. You're the strange one..

SELINA

You are...

LANE

Uh-huh..

It seems as if they are going to kiss. Then Lane sneezes. Selina laughs as the cart chugs up to the Fun Palace.

INT. MAIN AREA OF THE FUN PALACE

The regular casino tables have been completely cleared out. Workers (and a chamber orchestra) are setting up for a banquet-type event. An entering Selina watches Lane walk over and shake hands with the Mayor and Frank, pulling out a notepad. A MONTH OF THE WOMAN banner is raised up...

MAYOR

(way nervous)

It'll work. It'll..Thanks for coming, Lewis. I think this little event will turn things around for the gals. Don't you? Don't you think? The Tourists will return, right? Right?

LANE

I'd probably refrain from using the word "gals." At least, until things calm down.

MAYOR

Good thinking. The Cult should be

here for this...

Out of his pocket, the Mayor presses a portable version of the big red Cult of Good call-button.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD

The CIVILIAN CACTUS is a brutal high-school football coach, bellowing down to line of PLAYERS doing push-ups. He wears a fake cast to cover his lack of arm. He pulls a beeping beeper from his windbreaker and trudges off.

INT. A BUNCH OF LONELY OFFICE CUBICLES

THE CIVILIAN SPOOKY works a phone in a cramped office cubicle, the height of loneliness. She pulls up a beeping beeper and exits her space, passing by a multitude of cubicles in which OTHER ASIAN WOMEN are toiling away in solitude.

INT. THE SET OF A FASHION SHOOT

The CIVILIAN ADONIS is a male model. Wearing barely existent bikini briefs, he is holding up a Zima, on an all-white studio set, before a snapping-away FLAMBOYANT PHOTOGRAPHER. Somehow pulling a beeping beeper from the back of his briefs, he races off the set.

EXT. THE COMFORTABLE DOORWAY--DAY

Selina and the women workers are in their familiar break-time place, completely silent and completely at ease. They are all eating(!) from Chinese take-out boxes passing them back and forth to each other in wonderful syncopation (They all wear small bandages). Didi touchingly breaks the sweet tranquility.

DIDI

Remember when you said you had amnesia, Selina? I think I had amnesia, too. I had forgotten that I'm something more than a spazz.

Bandage just over her eye, Esmeralda comes into the doorway. Everyone stiffens.

ESMERALDA

The event is starting. But you know, no hurry, take your time. Finish eating...You're all doing a great job.

Esmeralda floats off. The stunned women drift back into their bliss. Selina most blissful of all.

INT. THE MAIN AREA OF THE FUN PALACE

Doing some last-minute tugs on a simple but sophisticated dress, Selina saunters into the polished and impressively subdued main casino area. Upstanding citizens mill about, chatting with that certain post-Earthquake-Riot-Mass Catwoman Attack unease.

The chamber orchestra plays something ever-so-pleasant. Couples stiffly dance across the floor, the men a little afraid to lead. Adonis, however, is really working the floor. Women, both bandaged and unbandaged, satellite around him breathlessly waiting for their turn. Didi gets a giddy turn.

Very antsy in their nice garb, most of the women are wearing some sly form of bandage. They are very tentative around each other, holding in a secret that is not a secret but must remain a secret. Selina holds out a tube of cream to the bandaged Sweet Young Woman who was last night's Catbride.

SELINA

It's very good for burns.

CIVILIAN CATBRIDE

Thanks. I was cooking last night and you know...

SELINA

I know.

The voices of DJ Oink and a happily armless Cactus make a nails-against-blackboard waft to Selina's ears. She turns to them kicking back at the bar with the Mayor.

CACTUS

Oh, and they're flopping around in the water, just squealing their little lungs out..

DJ OINK

Women--the way they were meant to be...Next time you got to get it on film...

MAYOR

Now boys, let's keep everything nice..

Selina clenches her fist and begins a simmering trek toward Oink, when Brock touches out to her shoulder.

BROCK

Selina, did you make it home, all right? I tried calling, but your mother said that there was "no extension in the Hut." Whatever that

means..

SELINA

I got home fine. How's the  
"warehouse."

BROCK

Fine. You're angry. Don't be. The  
important thing is we're together  
now..

SELINA

(warming up)

At some sanctimonious celebration of  
condescension. Nothing like appeasing  
half the population with a two hour  
luncheon.

BROCK

(smiling)

Exactly. I don't know what I'd do  
without you.

SELINA

Uh Brock, today you are without me...

LANE

(possessively, toward Brock)

There you are darling...Have we met,  
Lewis Lane, Oasisburg Times.

BROCK

(sparring)

Oh, how long have you had your own  
route?

LANE

(re-sparring)

Can I just say what a classy touch  
the neon urinals are, Mr. Architect? I  
just love risking electrocution every  
time I..

Selina drifts from the increasingly unsubtle macho stand-off...to  
Spooky leaning alone against a pillar.

SELINA

What's a powerful man like you  
standing all alone for? Dance with me?

SPOOKY

I'm sorry, Miss, one of us needs to  
keep surveillance...

SELINA

Oh pooh, come now. If you turn me  
down, I just might throw a fit..you  
know how us girls can be..

Selina takes Spooky's hand and tugs her amid the other couples.  
The supremely robust superhero is now awkwardly trembling  
klutz...but she calms as Selina's arms slide around her. As they  
speak, their meandering takes on a voluptuous rhythm.

SELINA

What's it like being a superhero? It  
must be frightfully exciting..How did  
you guys all get together?

SPOOKY

We met on the Internet. The Captain  
put out a cryptic message calling for  
a new order of crimefighters. We  
don't even know each other's true  
identities...

Brock and Lane stand together, staring a little dumbfounded at  
the perversely electrifying couple on the floor. Selina spins  
into a sultry lean-back against a masculinely receptive Spooky.  
Losing her superhero stiffness, Spooky lets herself get into the  
groove.

SELINA

You seem sad, Spooky.

SPOOKY

I'm not sad, no, I owe the Captain my  
life. It's just you think you want to  
help prevent crime, but you realize  
that's too complicated. It's a lot  
more fun to punish crime. Then after  
a while, you don't care what's a  
crime and what's not, what you became  
a Warrior for. You just want the  
kicks. The rush.

SELINA

The kicks..the rush..you mean, like  
pulling heists..faking your own  
deaths..killing innocent  
bystanders...like Mexican angels.  
(a whisper)  
I know you're a woman. Do you?

Spooked, Spooky stops dancing. She backs away through the crowd.  
At an elevated podium, the Mayor taps the microphone.

MAYOR

If I could briefly have everyone's attention...This is the way it should be between men and women. Nice. Just nice. Women of Oasisburg, I hope this Month of the Woman celebration tells you just how wonderful we think you gals truly are. Did I say "gals?" Women. I hope those of you who were.."bad" last night have got something out of your system. Last night's harm was not just to men--my wife, my lovely wife, was going out for groceries, minding her own business, when she was brutally attacked...A poor innocent victim..

The Mayor motions to the woman sitting down beside him. It is the Wild-Using-Her-Hair-as-a-Whip Minx from last night, now in a Pilgrim dress, hair demured into pony-tails. Selina and some other women around her simultaneously cough out in suppressed laughter.

MAYOR

We must thank the valiant efforts of the Cult of Good, who did much to contain the madness, especially in light of the deaths of other superhero teams over the past years in St. Louis and Atlanta. As we speak, Captain God is following up some important leads.

Trying to get a bead, Selina glances to Lane sidling up to her, then over across to Brock. They both smile out responding eye-contact.

MAYOR

I'm told there's quite the solar eclipse happening this afternoon, so we should probably keep things moving. No one has been more eloquent about the nightmare facing us than Dr. Penelope Snuggle, author of The Catwoman Complex.

Frank pokes up, leaning to the Mike. He holds up a vivid, rainbow-colored flyer.

FRANK

Before we bring Penny out, I just want to remind everyone that tonight's big mystery promotion at the Fun Palace has not been postponed. I hope we can all come



together as a community and have some, you guessed it, fun. Doctor?

PENELOPE

Thank you, Franklin. I can only hope some lessons were learned last night. That female power only causes unhappiness and ugliness...

Selina rolls her eyes. She flees the offensiveness at the podium beelining to a door marked LADIES.

INT. LADIES ROOM--DAY

Selina enters into the vast, briefly-seen-earlier bathroom lounge area. She moves to the mirror...The Door is pushed shut behind her. It is Spooky. Selina remains calm as she approaches.

SPOOKY

You're the One. I thought I told you to stay hidden behind the couch, CAT! You've torn the unit apart. You've driven a great leader insane...

SELINA

You going to talk all day?

Pulling out her Catwoman outfit out of her seemingly too small purse, Selina drifts into a stall. Spooky goes into another.

INT. MAIN CASINO AREA--ECLIPSE DUSK

Penelope builds to an insufferable crescendo.

PENELOPE

Let's face it, this whole "strong" woman thing has been done to death. A woman doesn't need to go through the pain of "finding herself," she needs only to be found. I say let him do the work..Let him have all those, what do you call them, "life experiences." Ooh, here comes the eclipse, don't look up.

The viewer's viewpoint tips up to a grand skylight above.

THE MOON

begins to edge before the sun.

INT. THE LADIES ROOM--ECLIPSE DUSK

Selina emerges from the stall in her Catwoman outfit at the same

time Spooky emerges. Dark hair running over her shoulders, Spooky has taken off her hood and has unstrapped her breasts. Without directly looking at each other, the women do some last-minute primping in the bathroom mirror. Followed by some casual calisthenics. Then...

SELINA

Nice breasts.

SPOOKY

Thanks.

Spooky swings out her leg for a direct hit into Catwoman's head. Catwoman counters with an elbow to the stomach immediately followed by the other elbow coming around to hit Spooky's bent-over head. They expertly swat, parry, and thrust.

Sun disappearing outside the window, giving up on the admirable martial artwork, Selina and Spooky get primal. They claw into each other in a violent parody of their recent dance. They swing into a spine-to-spine position grappling onto each other's face/hair. TWO SUPERIOR SCOWLING WOMEN stroll into the lounge.

SCOWLING WOMAN

Well, well, would you look at that--  
"Catwoman #1." She's not so tough.  
I'm more of a Catwoman than that  
poser could ever be..

SCOWLING FRIEND

Oh, I'm so sick of you thinking  
you're better than everybody...I'm  
a better Catwoman than either one of  
you...

SCOWLING WOMAN

You want a piece of me?

The Scowling Women exchange scowls and pull Catwoman outfits from their purses, banging into separate stalls. The Civilian version of the Copycatwoman moseys in with a friend. She immediately bristles at the sight of Catwoman and Spooky crashing up into the bathroom mirror...

CIVILIAN COPYCATWOMAN

That's the bitch that stole my whip!

INT. MAIN CASINO AREA

Another crash is heard. Along with a couple well-placed screeches. The sun coming down from the skylight begins to completely evaporate. By some warped radar, women rise from their tables and drift from the dance floor...toward the door of the Ladies room.

## CATWOMAN OUTFITS

are torn from purses in quick, elliptical montage.

## THE MOON

is halfway over the sun.

## CATWOMEN

of all kinds burst from stalls in quick montage. Finally, TWO DESIGNER-DRESSED CATWOMEN emerge from side-by-side stalls in the exact same outfit. They look to their own ensemble and then over....and then angrily lunge into each other.

## INT. FULL VIEW OF THE LOUNGE

The vast lounge is now crammed with raging Catwomen, both familiar and unfamiliar. Ids hanging out, the Catwomen feed into each other, separating themselves into violently squabbling, scratching, clawing, bitch-slapping clusters.

Catwoman and Spooky remain the battling centerpiece.

### SPOOKY

Can't you understand--I got tired of being a woman. I wanted the respect that only a cape, boots, chestplate, and a mechanical spear can bring..

### CATWOMAN

You're not strong. You're scared..scared that someone like me will see right through you. Whatever the Cult of Good was, it's not anymore... You don't have to listen to me, just listen to you..

A Dress-for-Successed Executive Cat crosses claws with a HOUSE(WIFE)CAT.

### FEMALE EXEC CAT

You Housewives have no idea what we go through!

### HOUSECAT

You Career girls have no idea what we go through.

### FEMALE EXEC CAT

Did you just say "girls?"

White leathered Kelly-Kat and Didi-Tabby swing before Esmeralda

in her Tiara-ed Cat ensemble.

KELLY-KAT

Well, well, look who thinks she's a  
Catwoman..

DIDI-TABBY

You're one of us when it's night, but  
during the day, you're the cruelest  
exploiter of all..

ESMERALDA CATWOMAN

Oh, like I'm afraid of you minimum  
wage morons..

Openly screeching, the Fun Palace Trio tear into each other. A  
BEAUTIFUL MODEL-CATWOMAN is fending off an attack from the Twin  
Overweight Catwomen.

MODEL CATWOMAN

I don't have to apologize for my  
beauty!

TWIN CATWOMAN #1

We're not asking you to apologize.

TWIN CATWOMAN #2

We're asking you to scream in pain!

A REPRESSED CATWOMAN is dunking the bikini-ed Mardi-Gras Catwoman  
in the sink.

REPPRESSED CATWOMAN

You're a slut!

MARDI GRAS CATWOMAN

So? What's it to you?

TWO CATWOMAN SISTERS are pounding on each other.

CAT-SISTER ONE

Sis, stop it...

CAT-SISTER TWO

Oh, the little princess can't take  
it! Admit it, Mom loves you more!

CAT-SISTER ONE

Who can blame her!?!

INT. THE MAIN CASINO AREA

The rays of the sun drain away from the skylight. Completely  
abandoned by the female sex, the Men in the room uncomfortably

fidget in classic "Waiting for Girlfriend to come out of the bathroom" mode. They mosey toward each other with amiable half-smiles.

MAYOR  
Women, huh?

The men animatedly nod and mumble semi-audible approval. An AVERAGE JOE pipes up.

AVERAGE JOE  
Anybody see the game last night?

FRANK  
Oh, yeah, it was excellent!

Revving into tribal ritual, the men release their tensions, magnetizing into a robust semi-circle around the Average Joe.

AVERAGE JOE  
Fourth Quarter. Pacers down by 14--  
no chance, right? Wrong..

THE MOON

completely suffocates the sun in a perfect eclipse.

INT. THE LADIES ROOM

The feline frenzy continues. The Mayor's Rapunzel-Wife is back in her savage state, violently whipping around her hair. Repressed Catwoman and Mardi-Gras Catwoman still jostle by the sink.

REPRESSSED CATWOMAN  
You know men only go out with you  
because of the provocative way you  
dress.

MARDI GRAS CATWOMAN  
At least they go out with me.

REPRESSSED CATWOMAN  
Men go out with me!..In theory.

MARDI-GRAS CATWOMAN  
Cousins don't count.

REPRESSSED CATWOMAN  
Who says?

The Elderly Catwoman launches a kick into the young Cat-bride.

ELDERLY CATWOMAN  
You young people have no respect!

CATBRIDE

Yeah, well--you're old!

Catwoman and Spooky ever-so-slightly halt their fisticuffs to take in the havoc they have created. Then go back to battle.

FEMALE EXEC CAT

I'm a good mother!

HOUSECAT

You mean, "Consuela" is a good mother..

FEMALE EXEC CAT

How did you know our nanny's name is...Lucky guess!

HOUSECAT

What's the name of your child's best friend?

FEMALE EXEC CAT

(a beat)

Ask me another one--

The Nun Catwoman is pinning the all-Red Redhead Catwoman to the ground.

RED CATWOMAN

I'm telling you! I'm not your husband's mistress! I'm a lesbian!

NUN CATWOMAN

Oh, that's just like something she'd say.

The Twin Overweight Catwomen are shoving a club sandwich into the Model Catwoman's mouth.

TWIN CATWOMEN

Eat!

INT. THE MAIN CASINO AREA--ECLIPSE NIGHT

In sweating, desperate denial of the hormonal explosion a door away, the Men happily hang upon the enthusiastic yarn-ESPNIing of the Average Joe.

AVERAGE JOE

And then he misses both free throws.  
Coach's on the bench, freaking out,  
right? Five minutes ago, they had this  
game won. And now..

Penelope Snuggle, in a snit, cuts before the men.

PENELOPE

This madness must end once and for  
all...

She marches into the Lounge doors. Average Joe continues.

AVERAGE JOE

Okay, so now two seconds left--  
Miller-- perfect open court steal,  
runs to three point country and..

Penelope comes flying back out on her back, scratched and covered  
in stray bits of fur. The men are completely silenced as she  
twitches in epileptic terror.

INT. THE LADIES ROOM--ECLIPSE NIGHT

Sanity to the wind, the large, now-eerily-shadowy lounge has been  
completely swallowed by the most multi-layered, full-throttle cat-  
fight in the history of cinema. The women totally communicate in  
cat-screeches, all human capabilities on hold.

INT. THE MAIN CASINO AREA--ECLIPSE NIGHT

At a neglected table, Lane somberly sits himself down to the side  
of a cool Brock. Without looking to each other, the Men stare to  
the lounge door, speaking with double meanings and impossible-to-  
gauge expressions.

LANE

Women, huh?

BROCK

They do take their time. So..Selina  
Kyle...

LANE

Selina Kyle...lovely person.

BROCK

She has a real spirit.

LANE

A bit on the suspicious side, don't  
you think?

BROCK

She has reason to be  
suspicious..Doesn't she?

LANE

I suppose she does.

Catwoman and the unmasked Spooky suddenly come careening out, slamming right on the table, in a vicious mutual death lock. The two men watch calmly without intervention. The female pair go shattering out a window.

LANE

I better go report this in...

BROCK

Oh, you don't have to explain to me  
where you're going...

The rest of the Catwomen tidal-wave out of the ripping-from-its-hinges Ladies room door, taking over the floor, in a spectacular ballet of violence. The Men gape.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CASINO

Sprawled on their backs in a puddle glass, Spooky gives Catwoman an "Enough already" backhand, knocking her unconscious. Spooky dashes off.

INSIDE

The Cat-commotion rages on. Losing it, the Men rip out their gold cards for another mad dash to the Gentleman's Club. The gridlock proves too great, so many wailing Y-chromosomes change direction and roar out the frenetically sliding-back-and-forth front door into the "night."

THE MOON

eases half-way out of the sun in the longest eclipse of all time.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE--ECLIPSE NIGHT

Spooky pants into the darkened by lack-of-Sun Town Square. Captain God is waiting for her.

SPOOKY

I want out of tonight's mission. I  
can't do it anymore, Captain. I can't  
let innocent people die to prove our  
superiority..I can't.

CAPTAIN GOD

Just like a woman. You want out.  
You're out.

Brutus and Cassius to Spooky's Caesar, Adonis and Cactus bound from the shadows to surprise attack the exhausted Spooky. They bash her with blunt instruments then rush back into the darkness.



Her white compact "spear" device is knocked from her person, dribbling away down the street.

SPOOKY

Why are you--I fought for you with honor. Why should it matter if I'm a man or a woman, as long as I'm a good warrior.

CAPTAIN GOD

Of course it matters! It throws off everything! "Superhero" is manhood's highest achievement. Manhood! Your dirty little secret has diseased us to the core. You were my buddy, my comrade-- women aren't buddies, women aren't warriors! You tried to turn the Cult of Good into some after-work softball team! It's time to get thrown from the treehouse...

The other Do-Gooders charge out again, but this time she energizes to fire her fists on the outflanked, one-armed Cactus. One leg firmly planted, Spooky tips the rest of her body upside down to slam Adonis to the ground with her back heel (a famous maneuver of renowned Hong Kong actress Michelle Khan--hint, hint).

Coming out of that show-off move, she gets hit by Captain God, topped by a painful head-butt from his helmet.

The white "spear" object continues to roll across the pavement. Clacking into the street, Catwoman picks it up. She looks up to see Spooky collapse against Captain God.

SPOOKY

I loved you.

CAPTAIN GOD

I know.

Three firing sounds are heard. Spooky slumps down away from Captain God. He lifts his smoking finger and blows it.

CACTUS

Ah, did you hear that? Spooky loved you...

CAPTAIN GOD

Yeah...pretty gross. Hurry, we've got work to do.

ADONIS

Freak.

As his partners rush off, Adonis pivots back to give Spooky a last kick. Turning back around, he faces Catwoman, who angrily slams the white device into Adonis's mouth, then leans forward in a seething whisper.

CATWOMAN

"Spear."

A harsh twanging sound-effect, a muffled moan, and Catwoman's blown away expression tells the viewer the Spear has just sprung open in Adonis's mouth. Moving out for a wider glimpse, Adonis lurches away, the spear completely bursting through both his cheeks (Don't worry, his back is turned to the grateful viewer). Catwoman rushes to Spooky.

CATWOMAN

I heard what you said, Spooky. I  
can't believe he shot you...

SPOOKY

Men, huh?

From a pouch at her waist, Spooky tugs up a small, strange chunk of gold and presses it into Catwoman's paw.

SPOOKY

For when the time comes..

CATWOMAN

For when the..Uh, yeah, thanks, a  
little gold piece of...gold. Uh...

SPOOKY

And I...I..want you to know our  
secrets..

Spooky next tugs out a computer disc and puts it in Catwoman's baffled hand..

CATWOMAN

Oh no, not a computer disc. A  
computer disc? Oh man, come on, what  
do I look like? I'm not a crime-  
fighter, I'm not a detective, what,  
I'm supposed to find some "clues" on  
this disc. I can't...

SPOOKY

The Mission is happening  
tonight..It's up to you to...to save  
the City...

CATWOMAN

"Save the City?" I don't want to save the city, I want to move! Listen, I'm sure the computer disc is pretty fascinating and I can't thank you enough for the little weird gold thingie, but..

SPOOKY

You know, my name's not Spooky. It's, it's Rachel.

CATWOMAN

Hello, Rachel. I'm Selina.

Spooky dies. Catwoman shudders. The uneclipsing Sun begins to blaze a perfectly lined wave of light across the Town Square. Catwoman springs away from it in terror. She runs out of the remaining darkness of the frame. The Sun rolls completely over Spooky's body.

EXT. OUTSIDE FRANK'S FUN PALACE

In completely silent mass-exodus, back in their messily tugged-back-on civilian clothing, bruised on the outside and the inside, the ex-Catwomen of Oasisburg stagger out from the Fun Palace into the shining light. The Men of Oasisburg rise from cowering positions on the Casino grounds. Everyone wordlessly connects up and walks forward into the sun.

INT. LIBRARY--DAY

The sun shimmers through a big glass window of a staid library. Casually dressed but seriously expressioned, Selina is scrunched in a cubicle work area in glasses. She puts the disc into a computer. The black cat watches from Selina's lap.

SELINA

Okay, what do ya got? This better be bad.

Words vividly flash upon the screen. MISSION ONE CODENAME: THE GATEKEEPERS OF JUSTICE LOCATION: ATLANTA.

SELINA

Mission one..the Gatekeepers of Justice...Atlanta.

(to Cat)

I'm sorry, it's not like you can't read it yourself.

Selina hits a button unleashing a precise stream of computer graphics. The viewer zooms through the schematic doors of a virtual Museum. The next imagery is of paintings disappearing off the walls. The viewer then is drawn to the graphic of a bomb in

the mock-Museum. The virtually created Museum blows up. Spooky's voice takes everyone through it.

SPOOKY'S VOICE

Report attack on Museum. Steal artwork yourself. Blow up everything including you. Press C for museum blueprint, press D for security system access codes...

SELINA

Okay, okay..How spooky..Let's see what's in the next chapter..

More enigmatic words. MISSION #2 CODENAME: THE AWESOME POWER SQUAD LOCATION: ST. LOUIS. A rush of images move over Selina's glasses.

SELINA

Same drill with a bank..steal everything then blow it up. Dare I say the words, "I see a pattern."

The next words are MISSION #3 CODENAME: CULT OF GOOD LOCATION: OASISBURG.

SELINA

I really, really, see a pattern.

The next images are scrambled up.

SELINA

No fair! Must come on-line at the time of the mission, but we don't have the time, Miss Kitty. Something's being stolen and something's being destroyed in Oasisburg, tonight. But who are the Gatekeepers of Justice? And "Blow yourselves Up?" I guess that's the whole fake death thing, key word being "guess"...what am I doing here?

A NERDESQUE LIBRARY CLERK moseys up to the strange woman talking to her cat.

LIBRARY CLERK

I'm sorry, ma'am, there are no pets allowed in the library...

SELINA

But I'm blind.

LIBRARY CLERK

It's seeing-eye dogs, ma'am. If I let the cat stay, will you go out with me?

SELINA

What if I say I'll go out with you, so you can have all these great daydreams, but then never actually talk to you again?

LIBRARY CLERK

(not exactly what he wanted but..)  
Okay, deal.

SELINA

"I'll go out with you." Now go get me these old newspapers...

INT. ANOTHER SECTION OF THE LIBRARY--LATER

Selina slams out a back-issue of the Atlanta Constitution across a wide library table. The cat hops up beside it. The newspaper shows the aftermath of a Museum Explosion with the obvious headline MUSEUM EXPLOSION--TREASURES LOST--28 DEAD--FIVE OF THEM SUPERHEROES. Selina para-murmurs.

SELINA

"completely destroying the Museum...valuable artwork lost forever...blah, blah...since the superheroes had secret identities..no medical records to identify...more blah-blah..burned capes and a severed arm found at the scene determine..."

Selina crashes down into a chair and turns the page to a large picture (captioned IN MEMORIAL--THE GATEKEEPERS OF JUSTICE) that shows the familiar current members of the Cult of Good, in a different set of uniforms, with different captioned names (like Mr. Big--Mammoth, Mr. Strange--Spooky, Mr. Handsome--Adonis). It is easy for the viewer to see the charade.

SELINA

Recognize anybody, Miss Kitty? Same deal with St. Louis and the Awesome Power Squad, no doubt...

Selina flickers a glance to a St. Louis newspaper that shows the Cult of Good in yet another kind of costume (with a notable leader named The Mighty Helmeted One). The headline reads THEY WILL BE MISSED.

SELINA

(nirvana)

These so-called superheroes are modern day pirates, ruthless Viking mercenaries who go from major city to major city, secretly trashing and pillaging away as good guys. They eventually get bored and end their excursions by grandly faking their own deaths while at the same time, pulling off a world-class heist. How easy is this detective stuff? I know, I know, I still don't know where the big Oasisburg attack is going to be tonight, but I'm telling you...

(deadpan halt)

Well, would you look at that, Merry Christmas. There is a God. And his name is Brock.

Selina looks down to a stray page of the Atlanta newspaper. It is a photo of Brock Leviathan, in a hardhat, cutting a ribbon for the opening of one of his creations. Selina growls in triumph.

SELINA

Brock Leviathan--in Atlanta the same time as the psycho-superheroes. Two plus two equals--I got you. I got you! Finally I know who to drop and who to date-- Finally...

(deadening)

Darn.

Obliviously relaxing, the black cat stretches its nails to a picture of Lewis Lane, writer of his own Atlanta newspaper column.

SELINA

You, too...

(had enough)

That's it...

Selina rips up her whining cat and bolts from the cubicle.

INT. CASINO--LATE AFTERNOON

Still in civilian clothes, Selina stands in the dealer's position at a card table. Brock Leviathan and Lewis Lane sit across from her. They calmly watch her wildly expertly shuffle a deck. She makes Brock cut. Then shuffles some more. She leans over and with one hand flutters the deck into the air.

LANE

Selina, are you okay?

BROCK

Yes, did you call us here for any particular reason?

SELINA

Tonight, somewhere in the city, innocent people will die--but then one of you knows that; for one of you is a vicious pirate-terrorist posing as the beloved superhero Captain God.

BROCK

What did you say? Selina, sit down, the entire city is going crazy...You have to just calm down...

LANE

Hey, architect--she's joking. Right, Selina? Selina?

SELINA

I'm not through. This will come as a shock. Again, to one of you. I am Catwoman. The Catwoman.

Both men recoil with requisite dismay. Selina intensely scans from one to the other, unsuccessfully gauging a giveaway reaction.

SELINA

Hmm. Not bad.

BROCK

You're telling the truth. I can tell..How did this..

LANE

Some reporter I am..all this time my story is right there in front..I have a lot of questions.

SELINA

Fine, fine, at a later date, I'll be more than happy to talk about my perverse psychological complexities with the one who's not the creep. But for now, I'm drilling inside your brains...I bring up the whole Catwoman thing for one reason. I bit Captain God in the hand and the next day you both show up equipped with big band-aids and wobbly excuses--  
(pointedly to Lane)  
"My grandfather is inventing a new kind of blender.."

BROCK

(wincing a smile at Lane)

You're kidding.

LANE

But it's true! You can call him  
yourself.

SELINA

Lose the smile, Mr. Good Reflexes. We  
were having a pretty okay time the  
other night--good food, good  
conversation--some Catwomen show up  
and it's "You need cab fare?; I got  
to go to my Hideout--Oh, I'm sorry, I  
mean "warehouse."

LANE

Not too cool...

SELINA

Then there's you, Louis, sneaking  
through back alleys and surprise  
visiting me at my home..Both of you  
have been way too frisky from the get-  
go. I'm actually a pretty amazing  
person--funny, smart, attractive when  
I get my sleep--but you two had no  
way of knowing that-- when I met you  
both I was basically a morose,  
depressed amnesiac incapable of any  
human feeling. The only reason one of  
you wanted to go out with me is  
because you knew I was Catwoman.

BROCK

You're right, I wasn't looking to  
fall in love with a casino worker.  
I'd given up trying to find anyone.  
But there was a fire in your eyes  
that cut right through the air  
conditioning and through the coldness  
of my heart.

LANE

Your uniform, that first time I saw  
you, was a ghastly cage I vowed to  
unlock in order to..

SELINA

Stop, stop, you're both making me  
nauseous..I have a computer disc that  
shows that the Cult of Good, under



different names, goes from city to city, faking their own deaths while committing major heists and killing innocent people. Their first city was Atlanta. So you can imagine my surprise when I read that the two most eligible bachelors in the city at the time were none other than you and you.

Both men contort into a vague, gulping twitch.

SELINA

You know, now that I hear myself tell it, I'm thinking maybe both of you are messing with me. What, you get the Helmet Monday through Thursday, then Brock takes it for the weekend...

LANE

(passionate or fake-passionate?)  
Okay. Let's get serious. Of course I know the Cult of Good is not good. Ever since I saw what they did in Atlanta, it has been my mission to expose them. I've followed them to Oasisburg and soon will have enough hard evidence to bring them to real justice. That computer disc could be the final piece to the puzzle. This isn't just a story, Selina--another damn Pulitzer--this is my life.

Lane pants to a noble stop. Selina nods, impressed. They both slowly, suspiciously turn to Brock. Brock's face comes out of his hands.

LANE

We're waiting.

BROCK

(poignant or fake-poignant?)  
Quiet, Blender Boy. I told you from the beginning, Selina, I'm not a very good liar. I am not Captain God, or whatever else he may be calling himself this month, but when I find out who is--The Man will pay. My sister died in that Museum attack. You can check the Atlanta obituaries. I've tracked these monsters from city to city, waiting for a time to exact my revenge. Why else would I come to

Oasisburg and create the most obnoxious casino in the world?

LANE

Did you ever think that maybe neither of us is Captain God?

SELINA

(annoyed by the question)

No-o. You know, questions like that don't help your cause--

BROCK

(pleasant sigh)

I still can't get over it. I still can't believe you're Catwoman..

LANE

I can. That's not an admission of guilt, It's just..I knew you had it in you...

BROCK

It may be time to get the police involved...

SELINA

Have you seen the Oasisburg Police? They drive golf carts with little red sirens.

LANE

We have to do something. What can we do to help, Selina?

SELINA

I'll let you know.

Overcome with emotion--fear, love, anger, utter, utter confusion, Selina trembles into a bite of her lip. She then suddenly dramatically lunges across the table and vividly kisses both men, one by one, with a passion they can only barely handle.

SELINA

I love you. One of you.

Selina storms off. The stunned men, not looking at each other, shudder for a moment, then rise off in opposite directions.

INT. THE HUT--DUSK

Selina blusters into her Hut and snarls to her cat. As she rants a pacing half-circle, the wall of the Hut behind her begins to very slowly then less slowly crackle into flames.

SELINA

Don't ask. it was a stupid idea. I'm so not-a-crimefighter. What was I expecting? That one of them would just say, "Oh, now that you asked, I am the man who did all those evil things.." The minute I left the casino, he probably walked to a pay phone to call the Hideout and say..

The black cat leaps up out through the window. The smoking embers of the Hut begin to flare up into full-fledged flamage as Cactus and Adonis trudge in behind Selina, who finally takes it all in.

Cactus's new arm looks like a real one, only it's three times too big for his body. Ugly Adonis has two severe bandages on the spear-caused holes of his cheeks. His voice is now a cross-between Nell and a Walrus.

SELINA

What took you so long, boys? Where's God?

ADONIS

Wahres theuh coahmpooder dethsc?

SELINA

(making fun)

Theuh coahmpooder dethsc?

(sudden laugh)

Man, you must hate me...

CACTUS

He's asking you "Where's the computer disc?"

Selina wearily snickers--then bolts to the chest and flings it open, frantically rummaging around.

SELINA

It was here...where is?

Adonis yanks Selina by the hair and heaves her from the Hut. Selina soars out and skids across the dirt.

Cactus and Adonis tear through the belongings of the Hut, in and around the chest, but the heat is too great.

Selina bounds up and races over to her motorcycle. She frantically guns it. Nothing happening. Cactus rips her off. The Hut collapses with a whoosh. Selina gives it a sad glance.

CACTUS

Where is it?

SELINA

I'm not kidding. I put the disc in the chest...I don't know why it's not..

ADONIS

(ANOTHER MOUTHFUL OF GIBBERISH.)

CACTUS

(laughing)

That's a good one, dude. He says we're going to kill you whether you tell us where the disc is or not.

SELINA

I know your boss, if you killed me without him, he's be really angry..

ADONIS

She's gaht a point.

SELINA

Hey, Adonis.

(sudden shout)

"Spear!"

Adonis jolts, touching up to his cheek. Selina laughs. Cactus tosses her the Catwoman outfit. She catches it.

CACTUS

You'll need this. Now how'd you like to help me break in my new arm?

SELINA

Whatever.

Selina folds her arms and closes her eyes. Cactus swings back a Popeye punch with his fake colossal arm and then punches right at the viewer.

INT. THE HIDEOUT--NIGHT

Selina's face aches into consciousness. In the Catwoman outfit. Pulling out, it is revealed Catwoman is hanging in air from the ceiling of the Hideout like a brilliant mobile (Flexible red cords tug separately at each one of her hands and each one of her legs). With outraged Cat-squeals, she tries to untangle.

CAPTAIN GOD

Quite a little performance you gave in the casino today--for me and that other guy. Come on down, let's chat..

CACTUS

I got her...

Materializing below her, Captain God fires his mighty remote control. The four cords simultaneously snap and Catwoman dives from the air. With intentionally comic feebleness, Cactus holds out his arms.

Catwoman slams to the ground a foot in front of him. The unbudging Cactus laughs it up as Catwoman painfully prys herself up.

CACTUS

"Sorry"--what happened to that whole landing on your feet thing.

CATWOMAN

I don't...know where the disc is. I swear I put it..

CAPTAIN GOD

I'm not going to worry about it. We are quite beyond the computer disc. Everything will be over within the next hour or so.

ADONIS

Yew'll be ovah in the naxt tehn minutes...

CAPTAIN GOD

Adonis, be polite. She's a friend.

CATWOMAN

How can you say things with such feeling and then turn around and put on a helmet and...Who are you? Were you sitting on my right or my left at the card table? Tell me! Please tell me who you are; you own me that!

CAPTAIN GOD

I know, I should probably tell you, but I just don't feel like it. To be honest, I'm really angry at you. I admired you so much more when you were purely wicked. I mean, look at you now, running around trying to "get to the bottom" of things. Trying to "save the city." It's true we're about to do a very nasty deed, but really, what's it to you? Since when do you care what happens to a

bunch of pathetic Oasiburgians?  
You're just not yourself, anymore.

ADONIS

You know, nobody likes you...

CACTUS

Yeah, all those women who went feline  
this afternoon...They're so ashamed  
now..

CATWOMAN

I'm supposed to be taking personality  
tips from you three? You people were  
once heroes. You had ideals. You  
fought for things. Spooky told me  
so...

CAPTAIN GOD

Do you have any idea how much  
superheroes get paid? Zilcho. Urban  
vigilantes with secret identities  
operating outside the law. Not  
exactly the stuff of a W-2 form. If  
it wasn't for merchandising and  
corruption and these diabolical  
"missions"...There is no such thing  
as heroes and villains, anymore,  
Selina. There are only winners and  
losers. You lost. We won.

CACTUS

Car wash, Captain?

CAPTAIN GOD

Absolutely.

Adonis pulls the earlier-seen lever and the floor opens. The  
viewer gets a small glimpse of what looks to be a traditional Car  
Wash. Adonis and Cactus tear the battered Catwoman down a small  
set of steps and stuff her into a very small red car at the end  
of the line.

CAPTAIN GOD

I'd love to stay and watch, but  
there's always last minute stuff that  
needs to be taken care of before a  
Big Catastrophic Heist. Adonis, put  
it on video so I can watch it later  
when I'm feeling more relaxed. Oh, if  
for some reason, the damsel  
undistresses herself and she makes it  
out of that contraption, do me a  
favor-- Shoot her with this gun...

Captain God hands Adonis a very traditional handgun. He and Cactus head out. Hefting a video camera onto his shoulder, Adonis presses the button marked Car Wash.

With a loud whining noise, the Car Wash gears into action. The car jolts forward, wheels traditionally harnessed in a moving track. In the car, Catwoman frantically looks around, then quickly rolls up her window. Nozzles on both sides of the car spew acid that sizzles into the side of the car.

Adonis nods a "Not bad" nod, walking along with the car from above.

ADONIS

She remembered to roll up her window.

Moving in and out of the driver's POV, the viewer huddles with Catwoman in the car. Soap suds and water hit the car as it passes beneath the familiar Car Wash curtain of fabric straps.

CATWOMAN

Once you get past the acid, this car wash isn't so bad.

Suddenly, buzzing buffers uncoil out from sides but they are not made of brush. They are spinning steel spikes that proceed to rend the car, shredding through the doors, tearing at Catwoman's leg.

Adonis chuckles, tugging out and speaking into a cellular phone with his non-camera holding hand.

ADONIS

No, no, I'm fine, weally. Juth a tempuhwary seth-back. I'll be back on the runway weally soon..

The car and the snarling but game Catwoman continue to be motored forward toward a new curtain...of HANGING SNAKES. The sunroof above Catwoman automatically screams open.

CATWOMAN

Oh come on.. "Snakes"...that's just rude..

Just as the curtain of snakes dribbles through the sunroof, Catwoman does a backwards somersault through the back windshield of the car. She slithers down the top of the trunk and lands right on the track--which locks both her feet in.

Adonis gives a curious narrow of his eyes to the proceedings below...but continues his cordless chat.

ADONIS

But is he good? The last plastic  
surgeon I went to..

In a helpless enforced standing position, Catwoman rattles down the track, a vehicle all by herself. Another, more vast than them all, "buffer" of steel spikes thunders in an up and down motion ahead. It comes down on the now empty car and completely churns it to hell. Selina is next.

Catwoman unzips a little zipper on her leg and fingers out the last of the lethally-shaved ballerina figurines. She harshly wings the mini-weapon to a constellation of wires to the side of the car wash proper. The wires spark.

Adonis face drops, snapping shut the cellular, wavering up the gun.

ADONIS

I'm going to have to call you back.

The Spikes ahead grind to a non-spinning halt but the apparatus continues to slam up and down. Catwoman claw-picks her locked-in feet then launches forward. Using the up-and-down chugging apparatus of stalled spikage as a trampoline, Catwoman does a dainty bounce up into a face-to-face with a momentarily too stunned-to-shoot Adonis.

Catwoman effortlessly bats the gun away, then grabs Adonis by his cape wrenching him into a ferocious drag up the Hideout staircase. The viewer moves in on Adonis's clamoring head.

ADONIS

Stop! Isn't ruining my career enough  
for you? What do you think you're  
dewwing? You wanna go out with me, is  
that it? Hey, you're hurting me...

CATWOMAN

Oh, calm down. You're already dead..

The viewer inhales out to see that Catwoman has pulled Adonis to his disembodied power-pack and has tied his cape to it. She flicks a switch.

With a mighty explosive whoosh, the power pack rockets into the air, yanking Adonis up with it.

Both man and pack go hurtling out the hole in the roof, into and out of the alley and then up toward the stars. Shooting upward with the video camera, Catwoman cackles up to the comet, then stops.

CATWOMAN



I guess I should have asked what's  
the name of the place they'll be  
robbing tonight...  
    (hitting her head)  
Corn dog...Corn dog..Corn dog..

Catwoman suddenly realizes she's wet and goes into a shaking wail of discomfort.

#### INT. THE ALLEY BEHIND THE CASINO

Catwoman clambers out of the hole to the Hideout, and wipes herself off. The Young Boy she earlier traumatized skips down the alley with a new Gameboy. He stops with a body racking quiver.

CATWOMAN

Hi. Don't scream. Please. It's okay.  
I won't hurt you. I'm a good guy now,  
I swear. Sh-h-h..

YOUNG BOY

CATWOMAN!

CATWOMAN

Wait...Little boy, come back...

The Young Boy wails away. Catwoman tries to feebly reach out and call out after him. She gives chase, panting to the edge of the alley.

She watches the little boy slam down on a red Cult of Good Call Button at the corner. The melodic alarm fills the air. As the yelping boy points over in her direction, lallygagging-in-the-street Townpeople quake in communal rage coalescing into a Burtonesque angry mob. They charge...

CATWOMAN

I don't like where this is going...

Catwoman backs into the alley, hitting a tarp. Atop the tarp is note that simply says SELINA in feminine handwriting. Catwoman rips off the tarp, revealing her awesome-if-previously-impotent motorcycle. She swings into a straddle of the bike and sighs, reaching for the ignition.

CATWOMAN

Please?

The Oasisburgians stampede forward--the motorcycle suddenly does a ferociously growling Moses-red-sea rip through the would-be lynch mob.

#### EXT. OASISBURG STREET--NIGHT

From out of nowhere, the motorcycle does a sensational low-to-the-ground sidewind around a corner. The people on the promenade jerk back their children and themselves in terror.

The viewer gets the first clear dead-on Wild One view of the burning forward Catwoman. She can't help but bark a feral cheer. She speeds up on a puttering cart before her and giddily rides up over it.

#### INT. THE POLICE STATION

Below, Catwoman thunders past the police station. The Chief pulls back from the window.

POLICE CHIEF

Calling all carts! The savage is loose! Repeat...

#### EXT. MAIN STREET

The Townspeople frantically jostle each other in their escape from the streets. Echoing their first bump, Brock Leviathan and Lewis Lane bang into each other. They sneer at one another in a rolling circle toward the mouth of an alley.

LANE

I've been looking for you.

BROCK

I've been looking for you. Selina Kyle was right. One of us is a psychotic crusader.

LANE

But then we knew that all along, didn't we...

BROCK

I guess we did. When you were a little boy, did you want to be a superhero?

LANE

What little boy doesn't?

Realizing they're alone in the alley, the men go silent. They suddenly rush toward each other. Brock heaves two mighty blows into Lane's stomach doubling him over, but the reporter then swings around with a deft martial art chop into Brock's neck sending the architect to the ground...

#### EXT. DOWN THE ROAD A-PIECE--NIGHT

The Catcycle comes spectacularly plowing through a YOU'RE ON

VACATION--JUSTICE IS NOT billboard. Catwoman locks sight on a Roadblock of flickering-sired police golf carts that has been tentatively set-up.

#### CATWOMAN

A roadblock? Guys, you drive golf carts.

Catwoman arcs her Hog up into the middle cart, shearing off its top. Landing hard, she violently nails another cop cart rolling in her path from the right. The cart crumples, the cat does not, as the motorcycle does a bumper-car bash into another on-coming squad cart and keeps going. The cops wind around to give chase, firing their weapons.

A TV News helicopter thunders from above. Its POV shows a triangling squadron of golf carts giving SimpsonBroncoesque chase to the buzzing Catwoman.

#### INT. THE CASINO

Didi and Kelly look up to a Casino screen with concern.

#### INT. HOUSEWIFE'S KITCHEN

The Working Class Housewife sets out pigs-in-blankets for her bickering kids. Looking to the fuzzy image on the table's cheap portable TV, the Housewife opens a drawer revealing her Catwoman outfit. Then closes it.

#### INT. MAYOR'S BEDROOM

With her husband frantically working the lines in the background, the Mayor's Wife turns from the TV coverage to make a Stepford stare into the mirror. With an ivory comb, she combs her potentially wild Rapunzel hair into submission.

#### INT. THE RADIO STATION--NIGHT

DJ Oink turns from a station TV to hit the airwaves.

#### DJ OINK

Oh she's dead meat now. I don't usually like the taste of cat, but the day this little pretty gets fried, I'm making an exception..

#### INT. HIGH SCHOOL GIRL'S BEDROOM

The High School Girl closes her closet on her hanging kitten uniform.

#### DJ OINK ON RADIO

Boy, looks like Catwoman could really

use some help--thank God she's not  
going to get it or should I say thank  
Captain God.

INT. YUPPIE BAR

The Female Executive turns from a radio at the end of a yuppie  
bar. She gives a sheepish glance to the Catsuit in her purse.  
And closes it.

DJ OINK

You got to wonder where are all the  
other Catwomen? That's loyalty for  
you, huh?

INT. AT HOME WITH THE WORLD'S DULLEST COUPLE

Back behind their TV trays, the World's Dullest Couple listen to  
radio in lifeless tableau. The Dull Wife momentarily rises from  
her chair, then sits back down.

DJ OINK

They must be back home, doing the two  
things women do best, cowering in  
fear and vacuuming. God bless  
America.

EXT. BACK ON MAIN STREET

Catwoman wildly weaves the motorcycle side-to-side avoiding  
Oasisburg P.D. artillery. She seethes back a look, then darts  
faster forward.

The Superhero Van bulldozes out from a side street to side-swipe  
the Catcycle into a mind-numbing sliding scrape into a lamppost.  
Captain God and Cactus smoothly bang out to do the cocky LA  
MotorCop walk to their victim. The squadron of cop carts squeal  
into place as does a Media truck.

CAPTAIN GOD

Ah, the good guys always triumph in  
the end. It's what allows our  
children to sleep at night.

CATWOMAN

(achingly rising)  
You can't get away with..

CACTUS

My, the Perpetrator seems to be a bit  
on the "Wild" side..

CAPTAIN GOD

I'll put that in the report--after

you shoot her.

Cactus raises up a gun. It is shot from his hands. All spin to a line of National Guard soldiers standing before a tank, along with the Mayor and the Chief of Police.

MAYOR

I've relied so much on you  
superheroes that I cut the police  
budget in half. That's why I had to  
call in the National Guard...

CACTUS

We were handling the situation! The  
National Guard? For her? You gotta  
be...

MAYOR

Not for her. For you. The Cult of  
Good.

CAPTAIN GOD

I, the city's most noble and humble  
servant, am troubled by your strange  
tone of voice...

MAYOR

I've always heard rumors about you  
people secretly running the  
underground and laughing behind my  
back. A loyal citizen has come forth  
with a very interesting computer disc  
that shows that under the guise of  
protecting society you perpetuated  
secret acts of terrorism. Including  
one that was to occur this evening..

The earlier-seen Catwoman, in the most stunning and flamboyant  
costume of them all, saunters forward, holding the disc. What the  
viewer was not sure about before, the viewer is sure about now:  
It is Selina's Mom. Catwoman, is needless to say, blown away. The  
crowd twitters with confusion.

CAT-MOM

In the name of justice...

CAPTAIN GOD

"In the name of..." This is an  
outrage! A mockery of all that is--  
You're going to believe a Catwoman  
over me! Captain God!

THE MAYOR

I have some very interesting

newspaper clippings as well...I  
should remind you the Guard uses  
artillery that pierces body armor.

CAPTAIN GOD

(completely dropping holier-than-  
thou act)

A computer disc and some grubby  
newspapers--that's it! In all my years  
of crimefighting, I never..

Captain God and Cactus both make a sudden break back into the  
Van. The Van thunders off...but not for long. The National Guard  
tank booms a shell into its wheel, completely upending it.

Before anybody can get their bearings from this majestic crash,  
Captain God bursts from the back of the Van holding a bazooka. He  
howls through his voice-box. The National Guard and everybody  
else in the neighborhood open fire. The Captain wildly vibrates  
the Bonnie-and-Clyde dance before crumpling in a heap.

Catwoman rushes up into a kneel before the body allowing herself  
a well-deserved dramatic pause. She reaches around to the back of  
the Helmet and unhatches it open. Staring up at her is a very  
serene Lewis Lane. Catwoman staggers back in a daze.

POLICE CHIEF

Wow, would you look at that! Captain  
God is that Pulitzer Prize-winning  
news reporter from the Oasisburg  
Times, Lewis Lane!

Media, Police, and deliriously curious Citizenry swarm around the  
body. Catwoman batters through the crowd to sadly hyperventilate.  
Her Cat-Mom touches out to her.

CAT-MOM

You knew him?

CATWOMAN

I guess not.

CAT-MOM

Oh, the points were fused on your  
distributor--the motorcycle..why it  
wasn't running..

CATWOMAN

Oh...hey, uh, thanks...

Before mother and daughter can really connect, A Police Officer  
calls out from behind the Van.

POLICE OFFICER

Cactus has escaped through the sewer!

Catwoman steps forward with curiosity as does the Police Chief and the Mayor to regard an open manhole. Catwoman turns back to see Cat-Mom slink off. Catwoman's eyes then dart to Brock Leviathan in the midst of a traditional romantic thrust-through-crowd-to-love-of-life. Catwoman drifts forward to meet him, melting into his arms. She touches up to a bruise on his face.

INT. BROCK LEVIATHAN'S MANSION LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

On a couch by a crackling fire, Selina dabs at Brock's bruise with a washcloth, while he is taping up her wrist. They stop their sexy, mutual doctoring to take wine from a tray held by the leaning-over Butler Jeff.

BROCK

Quite a pair we make. Thank you, Jeff.

SELINA

A couple that battles the forces of evil together is a couple that stays together. Thank you, Jeff.

BUTLER JEFF

Oh you're most welcome, Miss Kyle. I must say I haven't seen the master this happy in some time.

BROCK

I'm jealous. Her bruises are much bigger than mine. It's not right.

SELINA

Oh now, you put up a good fight. Let's change the subject. Where do people who live in Oasisburg go to get away from it all?

BROCK

Somewhere very far away, very quiet, and very...

(standing, suddenly sad)

This is all wonderful, Selina, but...But I'm afraid I can not rest until all my sister's killers are brought to justice...That one-armed monster..

Brock motions to a muted TV screen showing a If-you-have-seen-this-man picture of Cactus. Brock returns to the couch to slide a beautiful ring onto Selina's finger.

BROCK

This ring belonged to my sister. I'd love for you to...

SELINA

It would be honor, Brock. Now let's go get this guy...

BROCK

You're serious? You'd help me...

Selina tugs Brock with her up off the couch.

SELINA

In many ways, that obnoxious creep Cactus was the worst one of all. He got off on giving out pain...

BROCK

We'll hunt him down together...

CACTUS

Brock, I can't believe it's taken you so long to invite me up to the house. Where do you keep your opener?

Cactus, a towel around his neck, casually enters into the room, swinging a beer. A beat of total disbelief. Then Brock viciously backhands Selina onto the couch. She believes.

Breaking from his stiff Michael Gough pose, Butler Jeff pins a struggling Selina to the couch, pulling out a syringe. He enthusiastically bites off and spits the rubber tip then slams the syringe into Selina's arm.

BUTLER JEFF

Ooh, she's a feisty one, sir!

BROCK

Thank you, Jeff. When you're through with the needle, go get a body bag.

Jeff departs. As Selina stiffens into catatonia on the couch, she seethes up to the glowering Brock.

SELINA

I thought you said you weren't a very good liar.

BROCK

I lied.

CACTUS

("I made a funny")



The cat is out of the bag.

SELINA

So I guess you don't have a sister  
who died in the Museum explosion?

BROCK

No, that was actually the truth.  
Wrong place. Wrong time. Stupid  
bitch.

Brock and Cactus wildly laugh. Selina gives off a gag, her entire  
body going numb. Her eyes are very alive though, flickering like  
mad. Brock briefly de-volumes his mirth.

BROCK

You've lost all motor functions. The  
poison will kill you in ten minutes.

CACTUS

Hey, speaking of Wrong Place, Wrong  
Time. Lewis Lane to the rescue!

BROCK

(hooping it up again)  
Priceless...We have a showdown in  
this alley, right?

## FLASHBACK MONTAGE

A montage of images shows Brock rising up from being karate  
chopped to batter Lewis to the ground.

BROCK

Little punk got in some good ones  
considering he's a writer. But then  
the inevitable...

A Helmet is lowered on Lane's bruised, spinning head. A bazooka  
is connected onto his glove.

BROCK

Shoved him in my spare suit in case  
something got weird.

A view from inside of the Van of the Captain God-like Lane being  
pushed out before the National Guard.

BROCK

Thanks to you, something got weird.  
And we needed a diversion for our  
great sewer escape...

## INT. BACK IN BROCK'S LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

The viewer is given the helplessly Selina's chilling point of view of the two psychopaths hovering over her.

BROCK

Don't you feel so much better now  
that you know everything? Blink once  
for yes, twice for..

CACTUS

Boss, we better roll if we're going  
to hit this place, blow it up, and  
make that flight..

BROCK

Just hold on! I'm not done. There are  
two kinds of men in the world,  
Selina. In Category A, you have Me.  
In Category B is everyone who wants  
to be in Category A, but are too  
afraid, too weak..!

As the howling men hustle off, Selina's black cat prowls in from  
an open window and begins nibbling at the point of injection on  
Selina's arm.

With a jolly step, Butler Jeff re-enters the room unfolding and  
unzipping a big black bag. He comes around to the couch where  
Selina remains a deathly pale, unbudging blob.

BUTLER JEFF

Ah, if the dead could speak, what  
would they say?

Selina suddenly vaults up and wrenches Jeff by throat sending him  
crashing out a window.

SELINA

I don't know...you tell me...Jeff.

Selina turns away from the window, down to her black cat. Having  
heroically sucked out Selina's poison, it lies lifeless upon the  
ground. Selina gives her friend a last sad stroke.

Suddenly, Kincaid the dog, gallops into the room, madly snarling.  
Angrily bounding up, Selina lets loose with a savage feline wail  
that immediately stops Kincaid's heart. The dog keels to the  
carpet.

Selina's Mother marches in the room, giving the dead dog and the  
dead cat brief, non-plussed glances. Completely and rightfully  
freaked out by everything in the world, Selina quavers.

SELINA

Mom? Oh Mom, I messed up...

MOM

What kind of name is "Brock  
Leviathan?"

SELINA

I never thanked you..the arrow..the  
motorcycle..the computer disc..You're  
so different from what I..and so the  
same.

MOM

Yes, I'm pretty amazing. You should  
see this...It came this evening.

Mom pulls up a videocassette and moves to the Leviathan VCR.

MOM

Oh, I still don't know how anybody  
works these things...

Putting on Lens Crafters, Mom crinkles her face, unsuccessfully  
poking some buttons. Sighing, Selina hits a remote. The image of  
Lane awkwardly then comfortably addressing an unseen video camera  
comes on-screen.

LANE (T.V.)

Selina. I've known Brock Leviathan--  
come on, that name--is the criminal  
in question since St.  
Louis, but I've never been able to  
get definite proof. I didn't confront  
him at the casino, because I felt you  
might get hurt. But you made me  
realize I've waited too long to put  
an end to this thing. I'm going out  
to find Leviathan right now.

Selina chokes up.

LANE (TV)

I've taken a couple karate classes,  
but there's a disturbingly good  
chance that I will be savagely  
murdered. After all, these guys do  
this for a living. In case you're now  
weeping over my noble, tragic  
death...You should know I knew you  
were Catwoman almost from the start--  
the way you acted, some things you  
said--well, that and your mask; I saw  
some pictures and you know, it really  
only covers your eyes--your face is

actually quite exposed. I'm not going to rag you about it but...I just want you to know I loved Catwoman before it was the cool thing to do. Oh, and another thing, this is my Grandfather's blender--I told you this thing was insane...

Lane holds up a highly unusual blender. Selina does a bittersweet gulp.

SELINA

I tell you, Mom. Sometimes I think all the good men are gay or recently murdered.

Lane puts down the blender and picks up Frank's earlier-seen rainbow colored flyer.

LANE

Oh, last thing, I swear, if it's true that I am a ghost right now, and you feel up to avenging my death, I have an idea where the bad guys will be going to complete their evil mission..Let's just say I found a flyer at the Cult of Good's hideout..Something about a big Mystery Promotion..

Selina bounds up into frame. Mom comes up with her.

SELINA

They're going to attack Frank's Fun Palace!

MOM

(touching up)

I hate it when you let your hair just hang like that...you have such pretty eyes...

SELINA

Mom, not now! I, I don't know what to do..

MOM

Yes, you do. You have to go rescue all those people...

SELINA

But I'm not a hero. I'm nobody's heroine..I'm nothing. You've said so yourself many times.

MOM

Do you always listen to what your mother says? Selina. Something you choose your life. Sometimes your life chooses you. Save the day..

SELINA

I don't know if I can do it alone.

MOM

Trust me, you won't have to.

They lock for a serious, unsentimental hug. Selina rushes to a closet where her Catwoman outfit has been hung on a hanger. Selina snares it. She then tries to wrench off the ring Brock gave her, but it won't budge. She bolts.

INT. MAIN AREA OF THE FUN PALACE--NIGHT

Completely recovered from the Catwomen, the casino has been nicely cleared out and cleaned up for the big Promotion. Beneath a glass floor shaped like a diamond, in the middle of the casino, is a dazzling dune of you guessed it, diamonds. Tourists and Townspeople of all persuasions giddily gape down. TWO MACHINE-GUN TOTING GUARDS pace amid the rocks below.

FRANK

That's right, folks, you're looking down at the most valuable collection of diamonds ever brought together at one time and one place...

MAYOR

Frank, this is a terrific promotion. A great way to calm everybody after all the strangeness...

FRANK

People are having a good time, all right. I got to remember to thank my architect, Brock Leviathan. This whole diamond thing was his idea.

As if on cue, Captain God and Cactus roar through the Fun Palace doors on a motorcycle/sidecar. Patrons hit the deck as the ex-heroes twist into a carpet rending skid before the Mayor and Frank. A couple of HAPLESS SECURITY MEN charge forth only to be dispatched with quick severe ninja hits.

Twirling up his remote, God presses a button that causes omnipotent sheets of black metal to perfect-fit-smash down over every door and window in the joint. GLOWING ZIPPING LINES of

electricity malevolently minnow across every wall.

FRANK

Where did those black sheets of metal  
come from? How did you do that?

CAPTAIN GOD

I'm the guy who designed and built  
this place. As you can see, when we  
were building, I put some goodies in,  
to be used especially on this day.  
The great thing is I billed it all to  
you...

FRANK

But Brock Leviathan designed this  
place..

Captain God reaches around and unhinges Helet, pulling it  
completely off with a delighted exhale.

BROCK

I know...Oh, feels great to get that  
thing off. You have no idea how hot  
it gets in there..

FRANK

But I thought Lewis Lane...

BROCK

Will you shut up!

ANGELIC YOUNG MAN

Captain God, I used to look up to  
you, as did all the kids I taught at  
the Youth Center. If you could have  
seen the look on my own child's face  
when I told him "his most bestest  
hero in the world" was nothing more  
than...

BROCK

Get over it! I'm not a role model!

Brock clangs the Angelic Man into unconsciousness with a harsh  
swing of his Helmet. The Mayor clandestinely pushes his portable  
red Cult of Good button.

INT. THE POLICE STATION--NIGHT

The Police Chief casts a bemused eye to a flashing red Cult of  
Good light.

POLICE CHIEF

Doesn't everybody know there are no  
more heroes...Send a couple cars, see  
what that's about.

INT. CASINO--NIGHT

Brock presses another button that causes a gigantic ventilation shaft grill, in the area under the glass, to lower into the ground. Another button press incites suctioning air from the gaping shaft hole to totally devour all the diamonds. The two Machine Gun-toting Guards are effortlessly vacuumed as well.

BROCK

If every thief knew how much easier  
it is to rob a place that you've  
actually built, they'd all go to  
architecture school.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE THE CASINO--NIGHT

A humongous Flexline Tube connects the building to a big black Treasure Chest. The Tube quakes with the sound and movement of rumbling diamonds.

INT. CASINO--NIGHT

A WOULD-BE HERO bites his lip and then takes a bounding leap at Cactus.

WOULD-BE HERO

You can't get away with this!

Without turning to look, Cactus, with his mighty Popeye arm, fists the lunging-skyward Would-be Hero in the gut stopping him in mid-air. He crumples in a heap. As Brock readdresses the crowd, Cactus moves to set up a very suave looking digital bomb in the middle of the glass flook--extending out of the bomb from all angles are wired sensor pads.

BROCK

Anybody else want to get something  
off their chest, before we get  
started?

DIDI

Why'd you take off your helmet? Aren't  
you afraid of one of us reporting you  
to the police?

BROCK

It's not like you're going to be picking  
me out of line-up, sweetcakes.  
(animatedly gesturing with head to  
bomb)

Bomb. You know...Bomb. Okay, listen up folks! There is a bomb on the glass that should be going off in fifteen minutes or so. Take note of the sensor pads--they tell you that if you touch the glass around the bomb, the bomb will go off. And of course, you can see the doors are electrified, so you can't get out.

FRANK

I don't understand. To hear you say it, we're all going to die!

BROCK

Actually, Frank, you seem to understand it really well. Might want to explain to some of the others. There's some people in the back there...

CACTUS

See you on the other side, Boss.

Cactus is lowering himself under the floor through a small glass door behind him. He dashes through the mammoth, open ventilation shaft hole. With his remote, Brock activates the bomb (17:00..16:59..16:58..) and straddles his motorcycle.

BROCK

I hope you have led fulfilled lives--because they are over. Use these last minutes wisely. Pay phones in the back. Call your babysitters and tell them to tell your children they're orphans. Go gamble the rest of your money--with your luck, you'll probably win, right? Kiss your loved ones goodbye. Kiss a stranger. And if it's okay with Frank: Open Bar. It's been real...

Brock revs his bike and blasts off. He remotes a soda pop machine and clings up a clunking down can of cola as he heads toward the door. He activates open the front door. As he zooms through, he backhand-remotes the door back into its electrified fortress mode. DESPERATE CITIZENS bolt to bang on the door and get maliciously buzzed back into cowering pain.

EXT. THE ALLEY NEXT TO THE CASINO

Cactud cuts away the flexline tube and tosses it away. He makes sure the big Treasure Chest, now full of diamonds, is properly locked and tight, then presses a button on its side.



A massive black balloon inflates out of the top of the chest turning the whole ensemble into a mini-dirigible that floats into the air.

Cactus breaks into a trot down the alley, speaking into a wrist walkie-talkie.

CACTUS

Captain God. The goods are in transfer. They'll be at the rendezvous point in ten minutes, right when the casino blows...Looking good, man.

EXT. OASISBURG STREET

The helmet-liberated, in-love-with-life Brock peals at the viewer on his motorcycle, night air whipping back his hair.

BROCK

We're the best of the best, man. We didn't even have to fake out own deaths this time. Hey, I'm thinking of taking the act to L.A...

EXT. THE ALLEY NEXT TO THE CASINO

Cactus is turning a corner.

CACTUS

Sounds like a plan. Life don't get much better than...

Cactus stops dead, a little freaked-out. He has turned into an alley littered with a wall-to-wall LEGION OF STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD Cats. They all simultaneously blink. Cactus gulps. He treads slowly forward, tiptoeing through the feline minefield. The cats are surprisingly stoic, emotionless, and unmoving.

CACTUS

Nice kitties, nice kitties, that's it, that's it...

Cactus comes to the end of the alley, wiping sweat from his face, exhaling with a "What the heck was that?" laugh. He gives a last look back, shaking his head, as he turns another corner into another alley. Again, he stops dead.

Unfolding out before him is a unified legion of familiar Catwomen, representing every shape and demographic. They all stare forward with an unsettling inner peace. Cactus pathetically quavers...

CACTUS

Nice kitty...

MOM

(deadpan step-forward)

Meow.

The Catwomen explode into a feline battle cry and blitzkrieg forward into a tearing, scratching, biting mass-attack. Roaring with fear and frustration, Cactus bats back the front line and bolts away, shrieking into his wrist transmitter.

CACTUS

Are you there, God? It's me, Cactus!

EXT. OASISBURG STREET

Heroically inhaling the air of Freedom, an eye-closed Brock victoriously breezes down the road...annoyed by an interruption.

CACTUS (TRANSMITTER)

God, can you hear me!

BROCK

Wha-at?

CACTUS (TRANSMITTER)

Catwomen. Lots of them!

BROCK

Oh come on, Cactus, be a man! The blimp is still on schedule, right?

A whip suddenly coils around Brock's neck wrenching him off his bike. The disembodied motorcycle/sidecar slams into a lamppost.

EXT. OPEN STREET

Cactus barks to his wrist, keeping barely ahead of the chasing-pawing out army, like a mouse racing to a hole in the wall.

CACTUS

Captain..where did you go? I can't...

Catwomen bite into his Herculean arm and hang there like snapping turtles. Cactus furiously shakes them off and hightails it into a wide-open area of the street. He unlatches a gun from his body armor and frantically loads it up on the run.

He swivels around with the weapon. A line of Catwomen Archers, including Mom, point bow-and-arrows stretched-to-kill right at him. Suddenly, they all tilt upward and fire. A confused Cactus looks up.

## IN THE AIR

The whooshing wave of arrows ripple up into the Big Black Treasure Chest Blimp, causing it to Hindenburg and drop from the sky.

## ON THE GROUND

It Boulders right down upon Wile E. Cactus, with a perfect, crunching Thud. The chest cracks causing the diamonds and two very dazed Guards to avalanche out. Cop Carts come to a squeal around the recovered loot.

The Police Chief takes in the situation, noting Cactus's feet poking from the sunken chest like the falling-House-killed Wicked Witch. He looks all around. All he sees is a colossal tail disappearing into the darkness of an alley.

## EXT. OASISBURG STREET

Whip strangled around his neck, Brock reaches up to Catwoman, and clutching her by her ears, flips her over his head. Slamming her to the ground, he gives her a savage elbow for good measure. She springs up as he thrusts forward. She swings her whip beneath and behind herself in a tail-between-her-legs motion that stings Brock in the face.

BROCK

I thought cats were supposed to have nine lives, not thirty one! What do you think you're doing?

CATWOMAN

Winning.

BROCK

What do you want from me?

CATWOMAN

At this point, a nap. Oh by the way, I killed your butler and your dog..

BROCK

My dog!

Brock latches to the flailing whip and rips Catwoman to him for a slam across the jaw. He grabs her head by both hands and forces a kiss. With both paws, she claws down both his cheeks. They break off to malevolently pace toward and away from each other, waiting for a perfect attack opportunity.

CATWOMAN

Oh Honey, it's so much better when we do it without the helmet.

BROCK

(touching and licking wounds)  
I've been thinking. I've been  
thinking about us. I'm sorry I've  
been so hard on you these past couple  
days. I realize now it's because  
you're the only woman who ever  
understood me and I couldn't handle  
it! I've never revealed myself to  
anyone the way I have to you. Let's  
blow this town together. We'll run a  
bed-and-breakfast in Vermont by day,  
and by night, we'll dress up and kill  
anything that...

CATWOMAN

Pass!

BROCK

You were right all along--the two  
parts to a person are the reality and  
the lie. I was making good money as  
a top architect--but that's not who I  
am. I'm not an architect, I'm a..

CATWOMAN

I know, I know, a Warrior. You're  
very annoying..Now tell me how to  
defuse the bomb you've set..

Catwoman swats out. Brock ducks and registers a sweet kidney  
punch. Catwoman cringe-stumbles forward then backflips into a  
hand-stand that comfortably allows her to do a double eye-poke with  
her heels. Brock wails back then seethes forward more annoyed  
than angry.

BROCK

Will you please stop fighting? Just  
let those people die so we can get on  
with our new lives together! Trust me,  
one day we'll look back on this day  
and laugh. You got to admit, it's a  
lot more fun to be the villain.

CATWOMAN

You might be right, but Fun is  
overrated. I need something real.

BROCK

Well then, let's agree to  
disagree...Now how about a picture  
for my scrapbook?

Brock sets off the earlier-seen ABSOLUTELY BLINDING FLASH from his belt buckle that sends Catwoman into a painful sightless screech. Brock angrily lays siege to the fighting-by-radar woman.

BROCK

Don't you realize there's nothing you can do, anyway! Nine minutes and it's all over! The Fun Palace is a tomb. No one can get out. And choke on this furball: all doors and windows are blocked, locked, and electrified! Even the glass around the bomb is rigged.

CATWOMAN

Even the skylight?

BROCK

The "skylight?" Fool! It's too high for anybody to climb out the damn skylight...

CATWOMAN

What about "climbing in?"

Brock stops battling to ponder what she's getting at. A black heel slams his wondering face out of frame.

INT. CASINO--NIGHT

The citizens in the casino are crashed on the floor and slumped against pillars, drained of energy and hope. Kelly and Didi hold each other as do many others. Some persistently pathetic victims rush the door in denial only to get zapped back again. The bomb reads 9:11, 9:10, 9:09...The viewer's viewpoint moves from the bomb and out the skylight directly above.

EXT. ALLEY--NIGHT

The Catwomen have formed a makeshift salon in the alley, percolating with pumping adrenaline and potential mood-swings.

CATBRIDE

We did it!

RED CATWOMAN

We didn't do anything! If it wasn't for us archery experts...

FEMALE EXEC CAT

Oh honey, what else did you learn in summer camp? I didn't see you in the alley fighting to get him out into the open street! That's where the real

Catwomen were!

The catwomen section off into shoving, infighting groups. A deafening cat-scream reverberates the brick of the alley. The Catwomen clutch their little ears and turn: Rising upon a turned-over trashcan, Catwoman shouts like Spartacus.

CATWOMAN

Enough! Stop being victims--and stop being victimizers. What makes you women think we have the luxury of fighting each other! We've got work to do and all you want to do is whine! Everybody wants to grade the paper, but nobody wants to take the test.

ESMERALDA CATWOMAN

What's the matter, Catwoman? Are you afraid of competition?

CATWOMAN

I wouldn't know. I've never had any.

The Catwomen "ooh" her bad-ass attitude. Catwoman allows herself a smile.

CATWOMAN

Okay, okay, simmer down. We don't have a lot of time. Don't pussy-out on me, now.

EXT. OASISBURG STREET

Brock huffs from an alley. He looks out to the Police roping off the demolished diamond spewing Treasure Box. Brock implodes in multi-megaton-rage then bolts back the other way.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FUN PALACE

A crowd builds before the Fun Palace--Media, Police, frantically worried loved ones. Officers valiantly assail the sparking doors of the Palace, but back away in sneering pain. The Police Chief drops his head and shakes it. A LITTLE GIRL steps from the defeated crowd and points up.

LITTLE GIRL

Look Mommy! Catwomen.

All, including the viewer, look up. Scaling the face of the majestic casino like a tree in the backyard, the Catwomen heroically climb upward.

EXT. THE ROOFTOP

As military music hits the soundtrack, working a female Dirty Dozen vibe, Catwoman twists onto the roof. She rushes forward to the Palace skylight and clings out a plank of glass. The viewer's viewpoint does a complete Yo-Yo maneuver through the open window square all the way down to the bomb (reading 02:01..02:00..01:59..) and then all the way back up.

A cluster of Catwomen gather around their leader. All women turn to the sound of a loud thud. A mammoth paw swings onto the roof and then the Gargantuan Catwoman does a power roll up. She immediately trudges to the end of the skylight and holds out her hands. She grabs the ankles of the Red Catwoman and holds her upside down.

One by one, in descending order of size, the Catwomen give Catwoman a brisk hug and then proceed to climb down the dangling Red Catwoman to be held by the ankles. And so on. With commando precision, a human rope of dangling-upside-down, ankle-clutching Catwomen is formed.

#### INT. THE CASINO

Casino workers and patrons rouse themselves from the dead to bulge their eyes at the mysterious and miraculous sight of the forming Macrame of feline flesh.

Above, it is now Catwoman's turn. She gives a nod to the Gargantuan Catwoman (whose epic, mythic size allows one to suspend disbelief at the dubious physics of this whole endeavor). Catwoman makes her climactic descent. She clibs down the human chain of familiar once-at-war-now-at-peace felines, link by link.

CATWOMAN

Hang in there, baby..hang in there,  
baby..Nice hair..hang in there,  
baby..

NUN CATWOMAN UPSIDE DOWN

Whatever happens Catwoman. Thanks.

CATWOMAN

You're doing great, Sister.

ESMERALDA UPSIDE DOWN

(bestowing an honor)  
Good Luck, Catwoman.

CATWOMAN

Gee, thanks....Hi, Mom.

CAT-MOM UPSIDE DOWN

Hello, dear...

CATBRIDE UPSIDE DOWN

Oh Catwoman #1, I don't think I can  
hold on for another minute...

CATWOMAN

It's all right. Place goes up in  
thirty seconds...

Catwoman does a final crawl down past the High School Girl  
kitten, who with all her might, grasps on to Catwoman's heels as  
Catwoman flips back into a final hanging position, just within  
reach of the bomb. Catwoman stares down to the intensely  
complicated too-high tech explosive device. 00:31..00:30..00:29..

CATWOMAN

Now what?

Catwoman breaks into a cackle that floats through the dead air of  
the terrified casino visitors and dribbles up the dangling chain  
of confused Catwomen. Catwoman remains amused as hell.

CATWOMAN

What am I doing here? I don't anything  
about defusing bombs. I don't know  
anything..

Catwoman is ready to chuckle again. She spins to the frozen-in-  
fear faces of Kelly, Didi, the Mayor, Frank, and various fine  
American families. She swallows. The bomb reads 00:13, 00:12,  
00:11..

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS FROM THE FUN PALACE

With a perfect rooftop view of the Fun Palace below, Brock  
robustly stomps like a child waiting for the ball to drop in  
Times Square.

BROCK

Ten! Nine! Eight!

INT. THE CASINO

The Fun Palace patrons lower their heads and close their eyes  
preparing for the inevitable. Catwoman stares intently at the  
bomb. The High School Kitten weeps from above, a tear rolling  
backwards off her face to raindrop upon Selina's mask. Catwoman  
licks it. 00:07, 00:06, 00

HIGH SCHOOL KITTEN

We're all going to die, aren't we?

CATWOMAN

Yes.

(tough smile)

But not tonight.



Catwoman unzips her little zipper and untucks from her mini-pocket, the strange, small, precise gold object Spooky gave her in her death throes. Catwoman reaches out with it to a section of the bomb that has an exact-shaped opening. She snaps the object into the opening of the bomb.

The bomb stops right between 00:01 and 00:00 (digitally displaying half-a-one.) The black metal sheets covering the windows triumphantly (if not overly logically) slam back up and the waves of electricity on the walls completely evaporate. Everyone loses their mind in well-deserved delirium.

#### EXT. ROOFTOP

Brock obviously still rouses up for a fiery finale.

BROCK

Three! Two! And One! Boom!  
("maybe I got the time wrong")  
Two and One!

Brock spreads his arms out down to his view of the casino, cueing a mighty explosion that never comes. Smoldering, he bounds down a fire escape.

#### EXT. OUTSIDE THE CASINO

The rescued citizens joyously plow from the opening Fun Palace doors. They race into the arms of their loved ones as the crowd goes berzerk in relief. The Police Chief takes off his hat and wipes his sweaty scalp in that way Police Chiefs always do when dodging a bullet.

#### INT. THE CASINO

The High School Kitten lets go of Catwoman. She somersaults onto a perfect landing on the glass, giving a glance to the stopped bomb.

CATWOMAN

Thanks, Rachel.

The High School Kitten adorably plops into Catwoman's arms. With Cirque de Soleil syncopation, the Catwoman unlatch and swirl down into a giddy human nets. They happily hug as if they just mid-wifed a messiah. The Mayor, Kelly, Didi, and even Frank swarm with thanks around Catwoman.

With the place emptying out, Catwoman and Mom move to the edge of the casino's water fountain to share a moment. Unwinding, Mom undoes her bow and arrow apparatus and sets it down.

CAT-MOM

I'm so proud of you, Selina; Deep  
down, I've always been..we've always  
had a secret kinship..

CATWOMAN

Stop. It can't be just "deep down"  
anymore. I've got no time for  
"unspoken bonds" and "secret  
kinships." I just can't do it that  
way anymore. You and me is something  
I have to be able to touch every  
minute of every day..

Mother and Daughter pull off their masks and gently kiss.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CASINO--NIGHT

Other tender reunion scenes are going down outside the casino.  
The Mayor hugs his Wild-Haired Wife. The formerly vacuumed pair  
of Machine-gun toting Guards are being interviewed by the Media  
when Brock launches a double-punch across their jaws and takes  
their guns. He fulminates his weapons into the air sending  
everyone down.

BROCK

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your  
Captain..If I'm going down, we're all  
going down together. Ladies first.

Brock opens the Cult of Good chestplate on his uniform like a  
mini-fridge. He removes a stored missile like a last beer. He  
activates the missile with his hand. It flares away from him  
toward the casino. The decidedly phallic weapon whooshes smoothly  
and deliberately, not at crazy-fast speed.

INT. THE CASINO--NIGHT

Chin upon her Mother's shoulder, maskless Selina's eyes widen as  
the sliding doors of the casino open to allow in the rocketing  
forward rocket.

SELINA

Mom...get out!

Selina pushes her Mom away and bolts from the fountain. The  
missile winds right with her. On the run, Selina kicks out her  
left heel against a pillar snapping it off, then does the right  
heel on the next passing pillar. Out of the heels, Selina uses  
her extra speed to bound up the casin staircase.

The dawdling missile keeps right with her.

SELINA

What is with this thing?

## INT. CASINO MEZZANINE

Catwoman hits the top of the staircase and pivots to the side, diving to the carpet. The missile breezes past her then comes to a purposeful stop. It turns around.

SELINA

How does it know...Oh.

Light bulb buzzing on, Selina rips off her claw-glove. The stone on the ring Brock had given her is beeping on-and-off a light blue light--just like the tip of the harassing missile. Again, Selina tries to wrench off the evil trinket, then tries biting the damn thing from her finger. Nothing is working.

## EXT. OUTSIDE THE CASINO

Brock shoves exiting-out Mom to the ground. She trembles in worry. Giving searching, seething glances to the casino, Brock continues to impatiently but omnipotently pace before the cowering-on-the-ground crowd.

BROCK

Please die, please die...please just die already.

## INT. CASINO MEZZANINE DOWN TO CASINO MAIN FLOOR

Selina slaloms through a series of pillars trying to throw off the goofy projectile, but it weaves along with her. Hitting the wall, she slams the "down" button of an elevator. It opens. She charges in. The missile whirs right at her. The elevator door is taking its sweet time closing. With a typical-annoyed-at-elevator sigh, Selina bangs on the DOOR CLOSE button.

Giving up, Selina hastens back out of the elevator. The missile sizzles closer and closer as the doors begin to close. Rising to the challenge, Selina gyrates back into the elevator. Running up the back wall, she backflips over the incoming weapon and out between the closing doors, trapping the little varmint inside.

SELINA

Ha!

Selina gallops to the Mezzanine railing and bounds up off into the air. She floats to a perfect feline landing upon the edge of the fountain, knocking off Mom's bow-and-arrow combo.

The sound of a PINGING elevator kills her glee. With the casual air of a businessman leaving for the day, the bomb putters out the opening door. Seeing Selina, it whooshes forward. Selina frantically dips her hand into the fountain trying to lubricate off her jinxed jewelry.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CASINO

The casino doors ache open in slow motion. Glowing with Invincible Warrior Charisma, Selina/Catwoman strides forth raising up Mom's bow-and-arrow. She fires.

SELINA

God is dead.

The arrow thunks benignly into Brock's superhero breastplate. He looks up with a "Is that the best you can do?" laugh.

The missile POV-lightnings behind Catwoman and whooshes THROUGH her legs. The height of subtlety, the overpowering reverse-angle has the missile erupting from Selina's haunches right at the viewer.

With sudden panic, Brock focuses down. The beeping blue Ring-tracking-device had been put snugly around the arrow Selina shot. Brock is at peace.

BROCK

Wow. Beat by a girl.

Brock detonates in a vivid-as-PG-13-allows burst. Everyone wobbles up to raise their fist and cheer. The Mayor bellows out.

MAYOR

Men and Women of Oasisburg, we have a new hero! Thy name is Catwoman! Catwoman?

The Mayor grandly swings his arms toward the casino. But Catwoman is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE--DAY

As if stood up on date, the Mayor stands before an unveiled Catwoman statue, looking to his watch, dangling the Key to the City at his side. The Media and other City Council members crowded around the podium also look to their marches and sigh. Selina's voice purrs up into a vaguely Doc Seussesque coda.

SELINA (V.O.)

I did not want the fame or the glory  
or the city's KEYS.

EXT. THE NIGT SKY--NIGHT

In a deft reworking of the Bat signal, a spotlight shaped like the head of a Cat slams up onto the Night Sky.

INT. SELINA'S BATHROOM--NIGHT

The viewer's viewpoint inhales from this image through a window into a bathroom where Selina is vegging out in an oh-so-relaxing bubble bath. She lifts a pair of cucumbers from her eyes to take in the shining Cat beacon. She shakes her head and rolls her eyes with a "You got to be kidding, I'm taking my bath" chuckle.

SELINA (V.O.)

They said, "But you must protect our  
fair city!" I said, "Oh, PLE-EASE."

EXT. OASISBURG ALLEY--NIGHT

TWO THIEVES in cat-burglar black slam down a golf cart trunk full of merchandise and give each other high-fives. Catwoman prances forth. Using the shoulders of Thief One as leverage, she vaults up to kick Thief Two to the ground. Landing, she head-butts Thief One. As he drops, she does a dizzy step back, rubs her head, and runs off.

SELINA (V.O.)

I still liked going out at night--  
Don't get me WRONG. I just wanted the  
town to sing a new kind of SONG.

EXT. DARK OASISBURG STREET--NIGHT

A PURSE SNATCHER bolts by a FEMALE VICTIM, ripping away her backpack. He then sheepishly walks back into frame, apologetically holding out the backpack, shrugging his hands up in a "I don't know what I was thinking" pose.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FORMERLY NOT-NICE GARAGE--DAY

The earlier-viewed Rip-off Mechanic is hunkered down next to the earlier-viewed Ripped-off Female Customer. He is talking her through the repairing of her own motorcycle. Grease gently touched-upon both their faces, they take a break. Exhaling, they clink beer bottles into a weary toast.

INT. OUTSIDE DEPARTMENT STORE DRESSING ROOM--DAY

The Working Class Husband (wearing a cryptic bandage on his neck) lounges like Scarface before a dressing room door as his Working Class Wife comes out to model a simple black dress. He applauds.

SELINA (V.O.)

I wanted them to grow up, get wise,  
and stop waiting for a HERO. If they  
stopped being Fools on their own, the  
truth would become crystak CLEAR-O.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM--DAY

The sexist High School Teacher has a faded-but-still-highly-visible claw mark on his face. With concerned eye-contact, he delineates information to the goggled, beaker-boiling trio of the Three High School Ex-Kittens.

INT. HOSPITAL--DAY

A team of STRONG-WILLED MALE AND FEMALE DOCTORS walk and talk down a hallway in spirited harmony, in oddly black lab coats. The viewer pauses before a passed door.

INT. HOSPITAL CELL--DAY

Inside, lying on her back in a black straightjacket in a padded black cell, Dr. Penelope Snuggle is drawing a caricature of cat's head with a white magic marker between her toes.

SELINA (V.O.)

We stopped being lame and started  
being suave--It was really quite  
SIMPLE. Meanness and Smugness and  
Bossyness we popped like a PIMPLE.

EXT. MAIN STREET--DAY

Astonishingly-but-somehow-still-casually-dressed in black, Selina swings around a corner to slink down a very different Main Street. Like her, everyone has discarded their dorky visors and now where the coolest sunglasses even money can't buy.

Also gone are the golf carts as everyone, young and elderly, now politely thunder both sides of the street in sleek, shiny black motorcycles. It does not stop there. Everyone, Male and Female, has been re-decked out of their eyesore funwear and into ludicrously suave clothing of the subdued Calvin Klein variety (Mostly but not necessarily black).

Women pass each other in the street, nodding with knowing half-smiles. With sly, respectful body language, the Men interact with the Women, not with goddess-worshipping-wimpiness but with subtle, "just-happy-to-be-in-your-presence" grace.

SELINA (V.O.)

A sense of Calm and Cool we do not  
LACK. One Hundred Degrees and we  
still wear BLACK.

INT. AIRPORT

Obnoxious as all get out, generic Tourist tribes scramble down an airport tunnel already squabbling about what-a-good-time-they-better-have. One T-shirt reads "WHERE'S MY FUN?" They freeze. Ahead of them, a panorama of disarmingly darkly dressed MALE AND FEMALE AIRLINE WORKERS are leaning into each other in intimate

conversation.

As if bit by the same vampire, they all simultaneously turn and enigmatically smile to the Tourists. Spooked in deadpan tableau, the Tourists drop their bags and flee away back down the tunnel. A sweating Frank bustles into the frame to join them in their escape from the city.

SELINA (V.O.)  
The Old Kind of Tourist went  
screaming AWAY.

INT. SAME AIRPORT, DIFFERENT DAY

A NEW SET OF DARKLY DRESSED FAMILIES exuding an attitude of Intelligence and danger come down the airport tunnel, breaking into matching smiles with the sultry airport staff.

SELINA (V.O.)  
And now a new kind of Tourist has  
come to PLAY.

EXT. BACK ON MAIN STREET--DAY

Unfazed by the periodically puttering past motorcyclage, Selina strolls the middle of the street, taking in the world's coolest city as if she was its secret, unhaughty Queen. A GIDDY TEENAGE COUPLE make out on the same park bench the Mayor and his Unrepressed Haired Wife are making out on.

Selina passes an eloquently modulated wedding being let out. The sweet young (ex-)Catbride is the bride who wears black. Pinkies interlocked, she drifts forward with her PERFECT-FOR-HER GROOM. Even the priest wears amazing dark eyewear. Bride and Groom swing over a motorcycle and breeze away past a saluting Selina.

The motorcycle rounds a corner where the Catbride's Grungy ex-boyfriend and Yuppie ex-boyfriend sit at the same cafe table. They smile and salute her...and then melt into a kiss, having finally found someone they are comfortable with.

Selina gently eases through a FIELD TRIP OF SMALL CHILDREN, who are in too-cool-for-school eyewear, being led before the spot where Brock blew up. It is still (ever-)smoking and flaming like the tomb of the unknown soldier. A plaque reads DEFY AUTHORITY.

SELINA (V.O.)  
Deep, deep, deep, into your own  
darkness you must DRILL. Only then,  
will each day be a sick, giddy  
THRILL.

Passing a sign reading SELINA'S FUN PALACE, Selina languorously treks toward the darkened and de-neoned, majestic-as-ever,

Casino. Eerie yet wonderful music briefly takes over Selina's narration.

INT. SELINA'S FUN PALACE--DAY

Selina glides through the sliding doors. She removes her sunglasses and hangs them on a hook with hundreds of other pairs on hooks. A nearby plaque reads "ONLY FOOLS WEAR SUNGLASSES INDOORS. BUT THEN YOU KNEW THAT." Inhaling some bliss, Selina leans back against a wall, next to a thermometer reading 73 degrees.

She takes in the new surroundings of the Fun Palace. The lights are lower as well as the Tacky Factor. A softened Esmeralda, wearing a flute around her neck, tugs up the instrument and coolly blows. Didi and Kelly in new uniforms that are sexy, but artfully subdued mosey up along with MALE WORKERS, also in sexy, but subdued uniforms. All smile in intense discussion.

Selina's POV moves through the casino where everyone gambles with Bondian cool. By the roulette wheel, TWO GANGLY TWINS drape their arms around the Twin Overweight Ex-Catwomen. MULTI-EVERYTHING COUPLES waltz behind them in sensuous syncopation.

The earlier-noticed Female Exec and an EXECUTIVE MALE stride, from different directions up to the door of THE CLUB (formerly the Gentleman's Club). Both pull out gold card-keys at pretty much the same time. The Executive Male, with a refined cock of the head, demures to the Female Executive. She opens the door and the viewer follows them in.

INT. THE CLUB

Men and Women are mixed together before the stage in a mellow but enticing melange. Selina's Mom parades onto the stage in another dazzling cat costume going into a wild-not-too-wild-just-wild-enough dance number. Selina's narration creeps back.

EXT. DESERT OUTSIDE THE CITY--NIGHT

The Catwoman outfit lies neatly folded in a dug-out desert hole. A clump of dirt thumps over it. Incongruously still in her sultry ensemble, Selina is revealed to be outside the open gate to the city, shoveling the desert dirt. Selina wrist-wipes her brow before shovel-patting down the filled up hole. She happily sighs.

SELINA (V.O.)

We had put the Oasis back into Burg.  
I never knew Fun could be so much  
FUN. Happily ever after we lived--  
happily ever after--all except ONE.

DJ OINK (V.O.)

Well, well, the re-eal Catwoman! I



hope you don't think I'm afraid of  
you.

The viewer's viewpoint pans to see DJ Oink has been buried up to his neck in desert sand. Selina saunters to stand over him. As he continues to rant, she unscrews a bottle labeled NIP and proceeds to Niagara the goo all over his face.

DJ OINK

Oh sure, sure, tell a couple jokes,  
make a gross comment or two, and  
suddenly I'm the sacrificial lamb for  
every jerk in the world. That makes a  
lot of sense...

(reacting to dribbling Nip)

Hey, hey, what is that? Sunblock?

SELINA

Whatever you say, babe.

Selina places a microphone down by Oink's disembodied face. She swivels off in a glide back toward the gate. She wears an absurdly long scarf that billows up into the desert breeze.

DJ OINK

Hey, hey, come back here! This is  
officially not funny anymore. Hey,  
you listen to me when I speak to you,  
woman! Hey! Hey!

With a loud, rumbling purr, Dozens of diverse CATS pour past Selina toward their delightfully obvious destination.

INT. RESTAURANT--DAY

A restaurant of ROMANTIC COUPLES look up from each other's eyes to beam up to Oink's screams on the intercom.

INT. STATION WAGON

The working-class family, packed into a station wagon, listen to the shouts on the radio, smiling away.

INT. THE CASINO

The staff of the Fun Palace encircle a bar-top radio, grinning madly at the D.J.'s wails.

EXT. THE DESERT--DAY

Back turned to the viewer, Selina continues her glorious strut back into the gates of the city. Beautiful, wonderful cats keep flowing past her.

The viewer's viewpoint violently jerks back to thunder across the desert floor away from the oncoming cats, Oink's wailing-from-the-back head, and the perhaps impolite confrontation about to occur.

The viewer then arcs grandly up into the air for a last awesome, all-encompassing look at the paradise of Oasisburg, heavenly rays of sun beaming downward. Into this perfect image comes, as the story's exclamation point, the figure of Adonis, limply hanging by his cape from his low-on-fuel-pathetically-chugging-up-and-down-across-the-sky jet pack.

SELINA (V.O.)

Selina Kyle versus Catwoman--who will win? Who will LOSE? Come to Oasisburg--the place where you don't have to CHOOSE.